

# COMFORT FOR ALL.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR"



VOLUME 5, NO 3

PUBLISHED AND COPYRIGHTED

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE. M.N. 51, PRICE 25<sup>c</sup> PER YEAR.

JANUARY, 1893.

BY THE GANNETT & MORSE CONCERN, AUGUSTA, ME.



## \*THE NUTSHELL STORY CLVB\*

Under this head are published every month the best original short stories received under the following prize offer and the writers of which have complied with the conditions here named.

Only regular subscribers of COMFORT may compete for the prizes. All contributions must bear the writer's full name and address; must be written on one side of the paper only and be mailed in a sealed envelope, duly stamped, to EDITOR NUTSHELL STORY CLUB, care of COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

All stories must be strictly original and contributors may write upon any subject, whether based upon fact, fancy or fiction—of adventure, love, war, peace; of city or country life, or of experiences on land or sea—but no story must contain more than 1200 or less than 800 words. No manuscript will be returned unless an addressed and stamped envelope is enclosed.

The writer of the best original story will receive \$25 cash; of the second best, \$20 cash; of the third best, \$15 cash and of the fourth best, \$10 cash.

First class original stories of from three to four thousand words will be purchased outright at the most liberal prices.

The prize winners for January are:

Mrs. W. Leslie Collins, First Prize.

John Weymouth, Second Prize.

G. F. Bennett, Third Prize.

Minnie Thomas Boyce, Fourth Prize.

## THAT NIGHT.

BY MRS. W. LESLIE COLLINS.

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**A**BOU T one hundred years ago there lived in Franklin County, Kentucky, a well-to-do farmer named Bowen. His farm extended into the adjoining county of Anderson. At that time civilization had not driven out all of the primitive den-

izens of the forests, and wolves, catamounts, and panthers added the terrors of their presence to the density of the wood, and occasionally, impelled by hunger, they approached the scattered habitations of men to seize upon, and devour, any unprotected live stock; even if it was in the dooryard of its sturdy owner who dared not venture out alone to the rescue; and the watch dogs would bark vociferously at a safe distance from the fierce marauder, or would fly with drooping tails and frightened yelps to a convenient hiding place. Many a belated hunter has quickened his footsteps as he felt his long hair almost rise from his neck on hearing the awful screams of a panther pierce the darkness, or the far off howls of wolves that were perhaps on his trail. Often the soft patter of stealthy footfalls greeted his ears, and often gleaming eyes stared at him from leafy

hiding places. Often he was called upon to combat the owner of the fiery eyes, and not always was the hunter the victor.

But Farmer Bowen never suffered from worse than a semi-occasional nocturnal visit from a hungry catamount to his pig pen, or hen roost. Mr. Bowen and his excellent wife, with their large family of bright young children and well satisfied negroes, lived an industrious and happy life; but one day there happened an event that threatened to cloud their lives with sorrow. Their beautiful little daughter, Mary Ann, then six years of age, was the pride of their hearts and the light of their eyes. One afternoon Mr. Bowen sent one of his colored men into the adjacent wood to fell trees, and after a while, unknown to any one, little Mary Ann tied her little sunbonnet over her fair curls, and accompanied by her pet lamb, followed the man into the wood "to gather flowers," as she afterwards said, and fully expecting to find the colored man and return home with him; but she did not find him, and in her search wandered farther and farther into the forest until she became hopelessly lost. The shades of eve were falling when Mrs. Bowen missed her little daughter, and alarmed the household. Every nook and corner of the home-place underwent an unsuccessful search; then the neighborhood was aroused, and the half-frantic mother gathered her remaining children about her and wept and prayed the long night through, while men and boys, with torches and dogs, scoured the surrounding forest. They found a few bunches of withered wild flowers, and a tuft of soft white wool on a thorn bush; but it was dawn before they found the little child who was, half sitting, half reclining against a tree, miles from home, sound asleep with her little sunbonnet drawn over her tear-stained face, and the bloody head of her pet lamb clasped tightly in her chubby arms. The overjoyed father clasped his child to his breast, and strong men wept tears of horror and sympathy when the child told the story of the bloody lamb's head, and of the awful danger of which she was entirely unconscious.

She told them of how she was met in the darkness—which was dimly illuminated by the straggling light of the moon—by several "funny looking dogs" who sprang upon her poor little lamb and almost tore it to pieces before her eyes. Then "a big spotted cat" came and drove the "dogs" away. In the struggle the lamb's head was torn entirely off, and the "big spotted cat" disappeared with the body of the lamb. Then the weeping child took the bloody head of her unfortunate pet and wandered on and on until weariness overcame her and she sank to rest in the place where she was found. Amid the weird night sounds of the untracked forest, with the hooting of the owl in the tree above for a lullaby, the poor tired child soon fell asleep to awaken in the strong arms of her devoted father. Investigation proved the

"funny looking dogs" to have been wolves, and the "big spotted cat" an American panther of the largest size.

Thus did God hold the child "in the hollow of His hand" and no evil thing touched her. Mary Ann Bowen lived to tell her numerous children and many of her grandchildren the story of that night. There are many persons now living in Franklin and Anderson counties, Kentucky, whose immediate ancestors joined in that memorable search. Mary Ann Bowen lived to be a widow for the second time, and dying at a good old age—about thirty years ago—left many descendants, one of whom is the husband of the present writer.

### The Student Who Surprised Us.

BY JNO. WEYMOUTH.

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ASON COLLEGE had reopened. All of the boys were back from their vacation with bright hearts and merry voices, looking as though they were going to study harder than ever, though boys always look that way at the opening of school.

E very train brought in scores of new boys, some bright-looking fellows who seemed at once to be at home, and others who looked the very picture of unhappiness and homesickness.

It was at Mason, and is at all schools a custom to pick out one or two of the new boys who were green-looking, and making them the targets for all of their good-natured jokes for a week or two; and among the boys that alighted from the train on the second day there was one that was singled out at once as the particular object of this year's merriment. He was the best subject that I had yet seen; wearing a large, broad-brimmed slouch hat, pants that were called by the boys "half-masters," and a rusty Prince Albert coat that came to his knees. Out of his pocket protruded an old corn-cob pipe, and in his hand he carried an ungainly looking package from which hung a shirt sleeve and a sock leg.

The moment the boys spied him they pounced good-naturedly upon him; several went up and told him that they were a committee to escort him to the college. He took the invitation courteously and followed the committee. Before he reached the college he had such signs on him as "A New Freak for the Museum," "Captured from the Jungles of Africa," and many other ludicrous labels.

He was shown to his quarters, and no one bothered him again before supper. After that meal was over, a crowd started over to his abode to have a little fun. They went in and invited them to take seats. They all did, except a tall fellow who was to act as spokesman.

When every one was seated the fellow who was standing up began severely: "Where are you from?"

"I don't know, sir," was the meek answer.

"What is your name?" with a sly wink at his comrades.

"I haven't any, sir, it's wore out," he innocently answered.

A titter ran around the room, and the smart student realized that he was being made a laughing-stock for the crowd. This angered him a little and he said fiercely:

"Do you know who I am?"

"No sir," returned the victim.

"I've a mind to strike you," yelled Kain, the spokesman.

"Please don't, I might break," calmly said the new man.

The whole room was in a roar of laughter, and Kain was terribly angry. He knew not what to do; with his face livid with rage, he sprang at the new man, but on the way there, he met the new man's fist, and in consequence measured his length upon the floor.

Rising up Kain said: "Boys, let's strap him, he's most too tart for this place."

Now the boys in their hearts sympathized and agreed with the new man, but, as boys will always do, they let their desire to tyrannize get the best of their good nature and consented to strap him.

Kain was allowed to do the hitting, and he did it unmercifully too, though our new friend smiled and joked all through it.

When the punishers finished they sneaked to their rooms knowing that it would be certain expulsion if the faculty found it out, because only the year before, three men had been "shipped" for hazing.

The boys all retired, laughing the matter over among themselves and thinking lightly of it.

In the morning at breakfast nothing was seen of the witty stranger, but the boys who did the strapping laughingly said to themselves that he was afraid to face the boys after last night's work.

Finally the bell rang for prayers, and the boys filed slowly over in patches of three and four. There was something unusual going on at chapel this morning, everybody was in a roar of laughter, and as Kain and his party neared the door they hurried in, but there was no laughter for them, for up on the rostrum sat the victim of their night's fun. They tried to laugh, but it turned into a sickening grin which made them the object of all eyes.

They huddled together on a bench and consulted. What was he doing up there; surely he hadn't told all; if so, they were in a "bad boat," or maybe he didn't know any better and had taken one of the arm chairs on the platform through ignorance; but at any rate things looked dark for them.

When the bell stopped ringing and all of the boys were in, the President arose and said: "Young gentlemen, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Radford, who has been elected to fill your chair of English literature, I trust you will all make your acquaintance with him shortly."

The boys did not know whether to laugh, shout, cheer or keep silent, except a few who knew very well what to do; and if their bodies could have dwindled in proportion to their spirits, they could have all been crowded into a quart cup.

Professor Radford arose and said: "Young gentlemen, I am glad to be among you and one of you, and hope to become acquainted with you all, especially with the young gentlemen who gave me such a warm reception last evening." (We're in for it now,) said Kain.)

"I will meet my classes at eleven o'clock for organization." He bowed without a trace of gawkiness and sat down.

The President said: "Before you go I should like to ask Mr. Kain, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Egbert, Mr. Smith, Mr. Willett and Mr. Rayment to see me in my office after prayers."

"I am glad that I haven't unpacked my trunk," said Egbert. "We shall have to take the next train home."

Of course, everybody wondered what could be wanted with the boys mentioned, and as a result the hall in front of the office was packed

# COMFORT.

with curious seekers after some knowledge of the affair.

The President only gave the miscreants a talk, and took their word for their good behavior the balance of the session.

The boys tried to keep the affair a secret, but it would leak out, and they were made targets for all kinds of ridicule.

At his eleven o'clock lecture Prof. Radford handed a bundle to Kain's room-mate to be carried to him, and when Kain opened it he found the old clothes that the "Greenhorn" had arrived in with the small but prominent label "A souvenir of last night."

Kain tossed the packet carelessly on the bed and smiled, but his room-mate, Mart Hayes, who noticed more closely than Kain, surprised him by saying, "I don't wonder that he stood that strapping, look at the lining in those pants and on the back of the coat." And Kain didn't wonder either, when he saw a thick padding of cotton which evidently shielded the professor from all harm.

Kain went over and apologized to the new professor, who received it smilingly, and begged him not to worry himself about it.

Joe Dawson said: "I am glad we got off, but it was a sneaky way to find out who did the hazing."

## "FRECK."

BY MINNIE THOMAS BOYCE.

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**H**ALLO Freck! Been a-rubbin' yur face in the flo'r barl aint yur?"

"Shut y'urmouth," was the unladylike reply.

The first speaker was a mischievous looking boy about twelve years of age; he carried a couple of dilapidated looking school books in one hand and was aiming a half rotten apple-core with the other at the person he had just addressed.

The girl who had made the unladylike reply was some two years his senior. Her dress was of some cheap woolen stuff patched in many places, but clean and tidy looking. An old faded shawl was tied under her chin, but served as a poor protection against the cold north winds.

Her features were not bad; the eyes were large, dark and thoughtful, her hair a shade darker was soft and luxuriant. She was neither tall or ungraceful as are most girls of fourteen who gain their height too rapidly, nevertheless Elva Glyn would never be called pretty, nor even good looking, for her poor little face was literally covered with pock-marks and freckles from forehead to chin.

Old "Grandmother Hurdle" had taken her out of the orphan's home at Everton to do chores and run errands for her some five years before the opening of this story, and the child proving remarkably kind and useful to the rheumatic old lady had remained at Miners Gap ever since.

She attended school three months out of every winter and was brighter than the majority of the children who came to the little log school house at the "cross-roads."

At first she had been quite a gay little thing and did not mind her disfigured face in the least, but by the small cracked mirror "Grannie" Hurdle always kept hanging above the comb-case in the kitchen told Elva a story she had better left unlearned. It told her she was not fair and pretty like Sallie Woods, that her skin was like leather by the side of Nellie Clayton's.

"I'm the ugliest little wretch in the world," she said to herself one morning when her skin looked a little more leathery than usual. "An' I wish I'd never a bin borned." The little mirror was not called into service much after that but many and bitter were the tears the poor girl shed at the frequent jests of her companions.

As is usually the case when her school-mates found she was sensitive about her disfigured face they became more and more annoying and finally gave her the nick-name of "Freck."

The morning on which my story opens, thinking to improve her complexion somewhat, Elva had cautiously gone to "Grannie's" box of starch and vigorously rubbed some of it over her rough freckled face. Without waiting to even glance in the little cracked mirror she hurried off to school.

And this was the result, being asked by the very first one she met if her face had not been dipped in flour.

"Why what's the matter, 'Freck'?" went on the first speaker tauntingly giving one of her long plaited a pull. "Seems to me your temper needs a little grésasin'."

"Leave my hair alone," almost screamed the girl angrily. "I haint agoin' to be taunted by youens any longer. I'm just as good as Sallie Ewing with her face haint marked, an' if you don't quit a-makin' fun o' me, Fred Banner, you'll wish you had some o' these days."

Picking up a stone she held it threateningly looking at the boy with flashing eyes.

"Whew! haint she a little fury though," said he jeeringly, getting out of reach of the rock however.

"What's the matter, Elva?" asked a gentle voice and a pretty little girl with a face too old for her body reached the angry girl's side.

The newcomer had been unable to walk without the aid of a crutch almost from babyhood, but she had borne her affliction with a patience rarely met with in older persons.

"O Lettie!" exclaimed Elva, repeatedly throwing down the rock with rather a guilty air. "I lowed to keep my word, honest I did, but when that Fred Banner gets to tauntin' me seems like I jist can't hold in a minute. I can't never be like you anyway an' what's the use a tryin'?" despairingly.

"You needn't be like me," returned the cripple girl gently, "but they'd soon quit botherin' you if you'd just go an' not pertend like you heard 'em. They used to call me 'Crip,'" with a sensitive flush, "but I just never let on as if I had gotten nothin' about it an' purty soon they all quit a-doin' it."

"But I can't do that o' way," was Elva's moody response. "It hurts so in here," putting her marked hand over her heart, while a sob came in her throat.

"I know it don't do any good to git mad but I just feel sometimes like I want to fight the whole pile of 'em an' I will some o' these days," with a determined toss of her head.

"But that'd be worse'n ever," returned her motherly little companion. "The teacher might turn you out o' school; then howd yur Grandma feel? they'd all call you names worse'n ever then."

"Well, what'd you do to keep from flyin' at 'em when they taunted you?" asked Elva curiously.

"I prayed," answered the cripple girl solemnly. "I prayed fur God to help me to bear it. He knows. That's the way folks made fun o' Him oncet; just jeered at Him an' throwed sticks an' things in His face an' He didn't say nothin' to 'em at all, only just looked sorry like an' didn't throw no sticks back an' now I guess them folks at done it's awful sorry an' wish they hadn't. He knows all 'bout me an' 'bout

you too but ... Brown told me so oncet an' I've been a-prayin' ever since. It helps me a heap," with a bright look at her companion.

"How'd you know it's Him a helpin' you?" asked Elva incredulously. "Grannie prays a good deal but I can't make much out o' her prayin' she groans an' takes on at such a rate."

"You must pray fur yourself," said Lettie earnestly, "then you'll know."

They reached the school-house door just then and farther confidence between them came to an end."

The Sunday following the day on which I write would be Easter and the thoughtful teacher had presented each pupil with a gay little card as a souvenir in memory of that day.

When Elva reached her desk she found this, and a mysterious looking pink envelope prettily decorated and addressed to herself, beside it.

Before opening her small "mystery" she turned round to smile at Lettie feeling sure she had been the giver of this pleasant little surprise.

Her humiliation was great however when upon breaking the seal she found a card inside, a huge turkey egg drawn thereon covered with brown patches and grotesque features imprinted upon its surface by some cunning hand.

The teacher had left the room for a moment and a group of boys and girls stood near the door greatly enjoying poor Elva's discomfiture.

She gave one glance at the envelope's contents, then threw both at the laughing group near the door. Not being satisfied with this small act of vengeance she picked up her slate and flew at the frightened boys and girls with the ferocity of a wild cat.

"You mean, hateful, stuck up things," she screamed as the slate came down mercilessly upon their uncured heads.

One boy more daring than his fellows attempted to take it from her, but she doubled up her small fist and struck him square in the eye.

Just at this critical moment the teacher re-entered the room. She took Elva by the shoulder and asked kindly: "Now Elva, what's the matter?"

The girl quieted by the gentle tone and protecting touch upon her shoulder sobbed out her story, and Miss Brown in a few well-chosen words gave the pupils of Miners Gap school-house a lesson they did not soon forget.

She kept Elva after school that evening and when the room became empty took the poor marked, tear stained face between her hands and said winningly:

"Now little girl I am not going to punish you so do not look so frightened. But I just want to tell you a little story of patience and forbearance."

Then she told Elva the same sweet story—only in a more connected way—that Lettie had told her before and our little heroine started for "Grannie" Hurdle's humble roof in a manner comforted.

Miss Brown's last words had been: "Elva, try in every way you can to make the scholars love you. Do not go alone so much. Take an interest in their little pleasures and sorrows; do some kindly act whenever you can to help some boy or girl along; then you will forget all about yourself and think more of others. They will not notice your marked face when they learn to like and respect you. Faces we love are always beautiful to us." These last words had a great effect on Elva. She kept repeating them over to herself:

"Faces we love are always beautiful to us."

All that week the memory of them kept ringing in her heart and one evening when all the other girls refused to carry Fred Banner's book while he played snow-ball on the way home, Elva remembering Miss Brown's words about helping others called pleasantly: "I'll carry 'em for you Fred if you want me to."

The surprised boy looked up half pleased, half ashamed, and gave them to her without a word.

He told some of the boys when he returned to them that "Elva Glyn wasn't such a bad un after all, 'purity' is as party does, you know."

After that little episode he was Elva's staunch ally and friend, which fact helped her much for Fred had hitherto been her chief tormentor.

The boys soon learned that whenever their kites did not fly just right, whenever their balls needed mending, whenever an extra marble was needed no one could help them out so deftly and with so little fuss as their once despised school-mate.

The girls also soon began to go to her with their little troubles and no other would help them work out a hard example so willingly as "Freck."

Miss Brown noticed the change and encouraged her young disciple greatly by her kindly smiles and womanly words of encouragement.

A decided change for the better had indeed taken place in Elva. To be sure the pock-marks and freckles would always be there, but the large eyes had lost their sullen dissatisfied look and the mouth was not drawn so pitifully down at the corners.

Lettie noticed the change also and asked one day in her quiet motherly way: "Haint you been a prayin', Elva?"

"Yes," was her friend's answer and with a burst of confidence: "O Lettie I'll jist never forget you and Miss Brown as long as I live. I haint ever expectin' to be good like you an' her but I'm a tryin' an' Miss Brown says that's all a body can do. I wish I'd a bin bornd good like you," regretfully.

"I wasn't bornd good," returned Lettie quickly while a flush crept over her little pale face. "I'm real mean lots o' times an' git cross 'cause I can't run an' play like other girls. Then you haint had no ma to help you like I have," with generous warmth.

"No," responded Elva sadly, "I haint had no ma or pa but 'Grannie's' been most as good an' when I git bigger I low to take keer of her same as if she's my very own 'Grannie'. So she wont be sorry she took me in."

Before Lettie could make any reply Fred Banner came running up to them screaming:

"The school-house's afire! the school-house's afire!"

Elva commenced to run without waiting for farther particulars, while Lettie hurried after her as fast as her crutch would allow. When Elva reached the spot she found the roof of the little building in flames. "Where's Miss Brown?" she asked, not seeing her beloved teacher.

"She thought Nettie Blacke's little brother was left in and went to see," returned one of her companions.

"When?" asked Elva fearfully.

"A minute ago," answered some boy, "an' if she don't come out purty soon she'll be a gone."

Without waiting to hear the latter part of his speech Elva rushed into the burning building while the frightened cries of her companions were warning her to stay out.

Half blinded by heat and smoke she found Miss Brown stretched lifeless between the farther wall and the door. Elva took her by the arms half lifting, half dragging her with a strength only borne of fright. She succeeded in getting almost out of the door when I heard the "spang" of a rifle, and a bullet whistled by my head. Before I had time to recover from my astonishment I was dragged from my pony by strong arms, and I found myself face to face with the two men who had endeavored to rob me the day before.

My heart beat violently and I trembled like a reed. They had discovered the trick I had played on them, had headed me off, and now I expected no mercy at their hands.

"Oh we've got ye!" hissed the tall man, giving me a savage shake. "You little onry pup, you! Thought ye was smart, didn't ye? But ye're not so daggomed sharp as ye think ye are! Couldn't palm off yer ol' Confederate on us? No, sirc; we're not them kind o' hair pins!"

They went through my pockets roughly, taking my hard earned money and my revolver.

"Thar now," said the tall scoundrel, "guess we've got what we want now! Ye kin keep that ol' one eye pony yurn your, but the next time ye tries to play a trick on me an' Bill, hyar, ye'll bite cold lead! Good-bye, sonny!"

They turned and disappeared in the forest. Sadly I mounted my pony, and turning his head toward home rode slowly off. I did not feel the least bit like laughing any just then. I had fallen several notches in my own estimation, and my thoughts were far from pleasant ones. All I now possessed in the world was my "ol' one eyed pony."

I went to work on the plantation, saved some more money, but I did not resume the fur business.

## ROBBED.

BY G. E. BENNETT.

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WAS employed on a large cotton plantation in Arkansas for two years, and out of my salary I saved one hundred dollars. I economized wonderfully during the time, and was heartily glad when the money

was safe in the bank, for one hundred dollars was the amount I determined to accumulate before starting out in business for myself.

When I became the proud possessor of this sum I embarked in the fur business. I would take extended trips into the back settlements, collect a lot of furs, return to the railroad and ship them to a dealer in New York. As soon as I received returns from the shipment I was ready again for another trip.

One bright morning in November found me jogging along the trail, on my mustang pony, bound for Redlick settlement in Limestone valley, distant forty miles.

The surrounding scenery was grand. Far away the river wound its way between glittering sand bars. Across the river, in the smoky distance, the mountains reared their pine crested summits. Viewed through the haze of Indian summer the scene was picturesque!

The cool air was exhilarating. I was in excellent spirits, and I began to sing a rollicking song. Suddenly my song was rudely interrupted.

As I turned an abrupt curve in the trail I found myself confronted by two roughly dressed, evil looking men. One held a long barrelled rifle and the other an ugly looking horse pistol pointed directly at my head.

"Halt, that, young man!" challenged the man on the right, a tall fellow with a ferocious mustache.

I halted. I was aware that highway robbery was by no means a rare occurrence in this sparsely settled region. I had prepared for just such occasions as this by purchasing a revolver, which I carried in an inside coat pocket, but the two rascals completely surprised me, and had me covered before I fairly realized the situation.

"Will ye please hand over that little roll uv

greenbacks ye hev about ye?" asked the short rogue, with a supercilious smile, as he cocked his pistol.

"Yes, gentlemen," I replied, "I haven't much money, but what little I've got you're welcome to."

"Come, come, now," said the tall man, "don't waste eny breath, young man. You've got a hundred or so—seed ye draw it at th' bank! So shell'er out!"

Very reluctantly I took out my pocket-book and handed over my "little roll."

The tall man seized it, shoved it down into one of his pants pockets, and said:

"Now spur up, an' ride ahead as fast as ye kin, an' don't ye look behind ye. If ye do, as fast as not we take a notion t' shoot ye."

I needed no urging, and putting my pony on the gallop, I soon left the highwaymen a mile behind. When this distance intervened between us, I reined in my pony and burst into a loud, hearty laugh. I took off my hat, swung it around my head, and hallooed and laughed until my sides fairly ached.

No, now doubt, the reader will think this a very strange and foolish proceeding for one who had only a short time before been robbed of a sum of money.

Let me explain. Traveling as I did, unfeasted and lonely roads, I had often pondered upon the probability of being robbed, and had concocted a scheme to outwit the highwaymen in case an attempt was made to rob me.

My father had given me a number of Confederate bills, which I had kept merely as reliques. These bills when rolled up resembled the genuine U. S. greenback. To make the resemblance more striking I wrapped a genuine one dollar bill around them. I placed the roll in my pocket-book, and my "pure stuff" I stowed away in an inner jacket pocket. The old Confederate roll, "sugar coated" with the one dollar bill, was the one I passed over to the robbers.

The trick had proved such a charming success that I was tickled immoderately. In imagination I saw the looks of surprise and disgust that would settle upon the faces of the robbers, and heard their angry exclamations when they discovered the hoax. I considered myself a very clever young man, and after my laugh relapsed into a happy state of self satisfaction.

At dusk I reached a settler's cabin, where I spent the night. I related my adventure with the robbers to my host, explained how I had so completely fooled them, and he joined me in a jolly laugh when I ended.

Next morning as soon as breakfast was over I departed.

At noon I halted, ate a cold lunch I had brought from the settler's cabin, and then resumed my journey.

Dark, lowering clouds had obscured the sky, and presently a drizzling rain set in. I had just crossed a small creek

## THE MYSTIC CASTLE.

Correspondence in this department should be addressed to Oldecastle, Utica, N.Y. Correct name and address should accompany every communication, even when a *nom de plume* is used.

I am very sorry that the copy for "The Mystic Castle" was so delayed that it failed of publication in December COMFORT.

Two letters of the alphabet were not to be found in the October batch of Mysteries, q nor z. It was intended to include "Prizes for Solutions" in the contest, which would have left q the only missing letter, but by a slight error of omission in the announcement, it was not.

Either q or z was accepted as a correct solution. Lack of space forbids mentioning others than the prize winners. These are:

1. Minne A. Polls. 2. Jeanetta S. Nally. 3. Cowboy. 4. Locust.

Accepted contributions:—Sear, 9; Rokeby, 8; Cowboy, U. Telle, 7; Bourgeois, 4; Roy, Oedipus, Osceola, Maj. Nimbus, 2; Swamp Angel, Frantz, Lilla W. Sickler, Dylan, Calo, R. Ebus, Ypsie, So So and Frank Sebring one each.

The prizes for the best contributions in verse, relative to the Holidays, are awarded to Swamp Angel and Lilla W. Sickler respectively.

Solvers to September Mysteries:—W. E. Witt, Waldemar and Minne A. Polls, 12; Sear, 10; Tyro, 8; P. A. Stine, Cowboy and Ypsie, 9; Calo, 7; Swamp Angel, 6; Osceola, 4; Thinker, 3; So So, 2.

Prize-Winners:—1. W. E. Witt. 2. Waldemar. 3. Minne A. Polls. Specials:—1. So So. 2. Tyro.

Solvers to October Mysteries:—Tyro, Eglantine, 8; Swamp Angel, Essay, Ben Net and Hi A. Watha, 7; Sear, So So, Ypsie, Cowboy and Lomax, 6; Thinker and Roy, 5; Minne A. Polls and Keystone, 4; Bourgeois and U. Telle, 3; Frank K. Sebring, R. Ebus, Locust and Bison, 2; "C. K. Renim," and Sherman B. Johnson, 2.

Prize-winners:—1. Tyro. 2. Eglantine. 3. Swamp Angel. Specials:—1. Essay. 2. Sear.

SOLUTIONS TO SEPTEMBER MYSTERIES.

No. 325. 1. VACUNA. 2. AXONES. 3. COMBES.

4. UNABLE. 5. NEEDLES. 6. ASSESS.

No. 326. 1. VASSAL. 2. ACTIVE. 3. STORES. 4.

SIRENS. 5. AVENGE. 6. LESSEN.

No. 327. 1. TAMPOE. 2. ANIERS. 3. MILLIS.

5. PELAGE. 6. ORIGAN. 6. ESENNE.

No. 328. 1. BLEARS. 2. LINNET. 3. ENTICE.

4. ANIMAL. 5. RECALL. 6. STELLS.

No. 329. 1. SHAVER. 2. HUMANE. 3. AMANDA.

4. VANDAL. 5. ENDALL. 6. REALLY.

No. 340. 1. CERTES. 2. ENERVE. 3. REGION.

4. TRIALS. 5. EVOLVE. 6. SENSES.

No. 341. 1. ACORUS. 2. CANINE. 3. ONYCHA.

4. RICHER. 5. UNHELE. 6. SEARED.

No. 342. 1. CYBELE. 2. YEOMAN. 2. BOREAS.

4. EMERGE. 5. LEAGUE. 6. ENSEEL.

No. 343. 1. EMBRYO. 2. MORATS. 3. BRASTS.

4. RASURE. 5. YTTRIA. 6. OSSEAN.

No. 344. 1. PACANES. 2. AZAROLE. 3. CANA-

RIA. 4. ARABIST. 5. NORICII. 6. ELISION. 7.

SEATING.

No. 345. 1. INTAGLIO. 2. NEATRESS. 3. TAM-

TAMES. 4. ATTITUDE. 5. GRATEFUL. 6. LEM-

UFUGE. 7. ISEDUCIT. 9. OSSELETS.

SOLUTIONS TO OCTOBER'S MYSTERIES.

No. 347. Tie-doulourex.

No. 348. Great talkers are little doers.

No. 349. 1. E. 2. No. 3 Enclose. 4. Olives. 5.

Ovens. 6. Sender. 7. Essenes. 8. Re. 9. S.

No. 350. 1. L. 2. Is. 3. Liberal. 4. Scede. 5.

Rebus. 6. Adults. 7. Lectris. 8. Si. 9. S.

No. 351. USE

ULSTER

UNBLEST

LUPINE

BRANT

SPHERE

SLAVERY

TIEROD

ENEMA

ENROBE

ESTRADE

REDED

TYE

No. 357. COINSTANTANEOUS

ONOMATOPOEIAS

MISERICORDIE

MINUTEMAN

OCTAVES

NAZES

PYE

TOA

HERIC

GESTURE

UNDECAGON

OCTAHEDRITE

HAIRSPITTERS

TELANGIECTASIES

No. 346. Across. PORTER. 2. ALLOOTA. 3.

RETETES. 4. EATERS. 5. ETERNE. 6. TENSES.

Down. 1. PAREET. 2. OLEATE. 3. ROTTEN.

4. TOTERS. 5. ETERNE. 6. RASSES.

MYSTERIES.

No. 359. Numerical.

A young 9-14-15-12,

Who the rapier keen,

Of 8-5-1-6-4 and 3

Could ever drive with wit to the

Two 11-7-13.

Would by us all a humorist

No doubt be justly named;

Yet Lincoln was once called

COMPLETE,

And grew forever famed.

New Castle, Ohio.

FRANK.

No. 360. Numerical.

All men are sinners, so 'tis said,

None 4, 2, this world who is free from sin;

And when we think of this we may be led

To say, "What a world this, to live in."

But here we are, and here we'll have to stay,

Though many are not 3, 1, 7 to live, I'll own;

Yet we have a 3, 6, 5, 8 ruler, who night and day,

Guides us, and "complete" mercy he has shown,

Ithaca, N.Y., So So.

(2) 1. In Remlap. 2. A Chinese measure of

length (Supp.). 3. Any weight. 4. Huge (obs.). 5.

The spider-crab. 6. A smooth glossy surface. 7. A

tent held by several persons. 8. Lieutenant (abbr.).

9. A letter. 10. Dell Roy, Ohio.

OSCEOLA.

(2) 1. A letter. 2. A small lake. 3. A grammar

(obs.). 4. Those who carry away dirt and filth. 5. A

plant of the genus adoxa. 6. Genera of plants. 7.

Observers. 8. Ropes. 9. A river of Prussia. 10.

Musical syllables. 11. A letter.

Bangor, Pa., T. HINKER.

(2) 1. A girl's name. 2. Ten or twelve grains. 3.

A little wheel. 4. A kind of earth. 5. A medicine. 6.

Doting. 7. An open surface.

South Aeworth, N.H., TYRO.

(3) 1. A sturgeon. 2. A Burman measure. 3. Per-

taining to old age. 4. To foretoken (obs.). 5. Dis-

may (rare). 6. A musical composition. 7. A large

bird.

Albany, N.Y., REMLAP.

No. 376. A Riddle.

(Awarded First Prize.)

In the frowning castle were gathered a band

Of the bravest and fairest in all the land;

There were noble knights and ladies grand,

On that glad Christmas tide.

Each one who lands of the Earl did hold;

And many another warrior bold,

For a wedding there was as I've been told

And the Earl's son took a bride.

The mistleto hung on the rafters tall

And in every part of the Gothic hall;

Its berries white on the dark oak wall

Each seemed to stand alone.

The holly dark with the others white.

Blent glossy leaves and berries bright.

That, touched by the blasing Yule-log's light

In ruby lustre shone.

The bride was a maid of beauty rare

With bright blue eyes and shining hair;

And with a riddle stated fair  
She every lover tried;  
He must plant a grove of ten straight rows  
Five trees must every row disclose.  
And twenty-one the whole compose—  
And he had won his bride.

In the "Mystic Castle" is gathered a band  
Of the bravest "Knights" in our "Mystic Land;"  
Solvers and writers of puzzles grand—  
Each one is true and tried.  
To them I bring this riddle here.  
Nor doubt but that the mists they'll clear,  
And make the answer straight appear  
On this glad Christmas tide.

SWAMP ANGEL.

No. 377. Enigma.

You may take the Goddess of the chase,  
The one that sure health brings;  
And turn her 'round and 'round about  
The Goddess you'll have of spring.

LOMAX.

No. 378. Anagram.  
(Awarded Second Prize.)  
(A Scriptural Quotation.)

SEE IT—HOW HEAVEN STAR SHINED AFTER.

O star of hope, whose ray divine  
The shepherds led, to Mary's child,  
Shine, on this darkened life of mine—  
To light the way so long and wild.

And in the midnight of despair—  
Angelic beam of Heaven's own light  
Come to me then—a vision fair  
As on the Christ-child's natal night.

Linger bright star in Heaven's dome;  
Shine on, shine on, and do not cease  
Until I reach that Heav'nly home,  
Where I shall find the "Prince of Peace."

(Inscribed to "Frantz.")

Pala, Cal., LILLIA W. SICKLER.

No. 379. Deletion.

Oceans of joy in the Yule Tide,  
Beautiful pleasures and blessings beside,  
Hearts warm and true, with love overflowing,  
Rivaling each other, alternately showing

With their gifts and remembrance, regard and esteem,  
Making the time one bright fairy dream.

Oh! the long-ago past of the golden time,  
Total ye've come with your glory sublime,  
Reflection of Heavenly blessings on earth,  
Who can bespeak your matchless worth?

Joys undescribed that time cannot first,

Joys undefined that time cannot worst,

Beauteous ye are in your yearly donation,

Making one day an Elysian ovation.

FRANTE.

No. 380. Square.



## CHATS WITH UNCLE CHARLIE

Copyright, 1892, by the Publishers of COMFORT.

NEW YEAR to you all!

Jolly evening children.

Dear me, how many children have dirty finger-nails. Can't keep them clean? Easy enough. When you wash your hands catch up the soap by the corner till it enters the nails. That softens the dirt. Take tooth pick or sharp pointed piece of wood and the point

will bring out the soap and the rest of the secretions. Don't blush; I had to be told of my short-comings. You will always think of Uncle Charlie when you clean your nails.

Let me tell you of a friend of mine who came from England on a visit to New York. After a week's pleasure with him, he journeyed West. Just before his departure he took my hand, and with a sad tone remarked, "I have known you a week, we shall probably never meet again. Tomorrow I shall think much of you, but after a lapse of time I shall entirely forget you. The rush of life's affairs crowd out so many pleasant memories."

"Don't bother about that," said I; "you shall never forget me. You notice this pen-knife? Well, whenever you see the blade open as you see it here you will remember my name, and think of me." For years I have had letters and postals from my friend and he always commences by saying "Dear L. I saw a pen-knife open yesterday and I thought of you, etc." Anything off from the ordinary impresses the mind and eye.

## "NEW AND OLD TRICKS."

HERE are some funny things I used to do when a youngster and I daresay you have tried one or more of them, but for old-times sake gather 'round and let's try a few. Please shut the hall door, Emma, it's cold in the room. Thanks.

First comes the carpenter's rule. I'll open it three times from me; see, I do it slow. Well, that's funny, can't do it? Hand it to me—now watch close; one, two, three. Try it again,

Henry; that's it—one, two, three. Ask your father to do it sometime.

## THE CRAZY BUG.

Take a piece of writing paper, cut off two strips 1 1/4 inches wide and 4 inches long. Fold them lengthwise four times, so they look like a large tape. Bend them in centre, till ends meet.

Take two elastics, (they keep these little rubber bands at most stationery or fancy goods stores) one 2 inches long, one 1 1/4 inches long. Put the two papers between the elastics thus: Now twist the elastic several times and bring the ends together. Now lay it on the table. What a curious bug!

## FLOATING NEEDLE.

Here is a sewing needle. I take a wire hair-pin and bend it, hanging the needle on it. Gently lower it into a half tumbler of water and the needle, touching the water at every part at once, will float. Should the needle become wet, I wipe it very dry before trying the experiment again.

## NEVER A DROP SPILT.

I fill the same tumbler full of water, so full that a tiny drop will overflow it. Though I fill it to the brim with pins, put in one by one, slowly, the water will not overflow. Why? The displacement is so gradual. Well, children, I am not scientific enough to explain the reason. No doubt it is simple enough when you know.

## DO DEW PAY YOUR DUE.

(Some of my nieces and nephews commit the following to memory; it sounds queer when repeated rapidly.)

One Mr. Dew owed Mr. New  
A note, o'erdue.

Now Mr. Dew, full well he knew  
The sum was due.

To renew this note to New,

He gave Miss Dew  
A brand new one for Mr. New.

New knew the due from Dew was due.

And missed it too;  
But when Miss Dew gave New the due,  
In love he grew.

It came about that Mr. Dew  
Gave New Miss Dew,

And Mr. New he gave in lieu  
To Dew, his due.

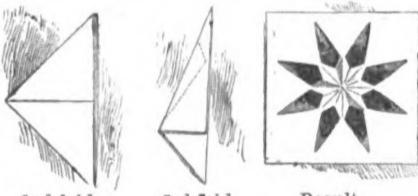
All smiled, shook hands and said "Adieu."

## EIGHT POINTED STARS FOR A QUILT.

When you are making a patch-work quilt, girls, here is a way by which with one stroke of the scissors you can cut double stars for your pattern. Of course you can enlarge your stars by using more paper. Take a piece of paper 7 1/2 inches by 7 1/2 inches. Fold it as follows:



7 1/2 by 7 1/2 inches.  
1st fold.  
In the third fold, cut out where it is dotted.



## RESOLUTIONS.

Now children we will make some good resolutions for the year. Keep our clothes, faces, hands and minds clean, also teeth and ears as well as nails, and further, as my Grandmama used to say, "Slick up your hair three times a day, Charlie."

We won't push, tease, pout; yes you may, a little, I won't have you too good, but don't be mean. You can have lots of fun and be decent about it. Eat slow, avoid colds and when you get one, get a warm, quick!

Never mind the heathen, plank down your pennies for your poor neighbor; one American saved from starvation is worth a nation of nude monkeys.

Don't try and think you're right when you know you're wrong, as Jimmy H. did. He would not steal the apples but let the other boys climb the tree and get them. Later on he'd eat a half dozen. Stolen fruit tastes sweet, but when you swallow it, it goes down sideways.

Pitch in and have a good time. Wear out your shoes and read COMFORT and you'll be happy. Don't forget that next month, the 22nd, George Washington would be 160 years old if he were alive.

Sammy, leave your shoes in the cobbler's tomorrow, your heels are run down. Our exteriors must look well, a shop window tells what kind of goods are kept inside. You, Ruby, must not put on that greasy hair ribbon again; forgive me for finding fault, but I love you all, children, and want you kept pure and to look "spandy."

Why, it's nearly 9 o'clock—bed-time. Good-night; kiss all round.

Good-night.

"A story first?"

All right. Well, once there was a man and he had a wife and six children. He was very poor and earned little at his trade—bell hanging. Once he did a lot of work for a new electric company. He felt glad, but when his bill came due they paid him back in stock at fifty cents a share. He felt bad. He could not sell it, but he had to take it. It broke him. He took sick and for several months did not work. One day he saw his stock, Bell Telephone, quoted at \$350 per share. He sold two shares; the balance he sold when it reached \$900 per share.

He lives with his children in Europe now. What appears to be hard luck often turns out good luck.

There now, good-night again.

UNCLE CHARLIE.

## "Don't Tobacco Spit Your Life Away"

Is the startling, truthful title of a little book just received, telling all about Notobac, the wonderful, harmless, economical, guaranteed cure for the tobacco habit in every form. Tobacco users who want to quit and can't, by mentioning COMFORT can get the book mailed free. ADDRESS THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Box 712, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind. They also offer exclusive territory to good agents.

**OPIUM** Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**FREE** A POCKET PENCIL 1 INT. GOLD PEN, 480 SCRAP PICTURES, RIDDLES AND PUZZLES, 183 GAME OF HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, RIVER BOAT, and AGENT'S FULL CARD OUTFIT. Send 25c for postage. KING CARD CO., NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

**25** NEW STYLE Silk Fringe, Gold Beaded, Beaded Edge, Lace Edge, Fancy Shape, Hidden Name, Souvenir Visiting CARDS Large Premium List with best terms to Agents. For 2c stamp YALE CARD WORKS, NEW HAVEN, CONN.

**PERFUMES FREE!** A bottle of GU-REVEALER. Written prediction of your future, 10c. Give date of birth, Astrologer, Box 325, Kansas City, Mo.

**AGENTS** wanted. Liberal Salary paid. At home or to travel. Teamfurnished free. P. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

**1893** SAMPLES OF ENV. SILK FRINGE, & HIDDEN NAME CARDS, GAME OF HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, 475 VERSES & RIDDLES, 1 RING, 1 PEN & HOLDER, 26, GLEN CO., BOX D, NORTH HAVEN, CONN.

**YOUR NAME** 1 Auto, Album, 375 Album Verses, 1 Ring, 1 Pocket Pencil, 1 Fountain Pen, 1 Inlaid Metal Handkerchief, STORY PAPER 3 MONTHS, and Agent's New Samples, all 10c. CLINTON & CO., North Haven, Conn.

**18K** Rolled Gold Diamond Ring Free. Best rolled gold plate, will wear for years. Glass, white Egyptian Diamond that preserves its brilliant luster. Price \$10.00. Send 25c for catalog. DISON WATCH CO., Chicago, Ill.

**BOX OF JEWELRY** FREE To introduce our lovely cards, novelties, &c., we will give to anyone sending us 5 25c. in stamps for postage, a hand-tooled album of Sample Cards and one package of elegant Jewelry FREE. STEAM CARD WORKS, North Bradford, Conn.

**LADIES SKIN** Imperfections Cured. Face and Hands made beautiful by using Miner's Almond Oil (the original). Cures Pimples, Eczema, Moth, Tan, Freckles, &c. 25c by mail. Removes wrinkles. H. A. MINER, Malden, Mass.

Do not remain idle; you can make **\$1.00 EVERY HOUR YOU WORK.**

Selling our houses old specialties. They sell quickly at every house. One agent made clear \$60 in 8 days. A lady with no experience \$40 the first week. You can do as well. No goods bring in cash quicker. Full particulars free. Address CLIPPER MFG. CO., 541 W. 6th St., Cincinnati, O.

## Agents Wanted on Salary

or commission, to handle the new Patent Chemical Ink Erasing Pencil. The quickest and greatest selling novelty ever produced. Erases ink thoroughly in two seconds. No abrasion of paper. Works like magic. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One Agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days. Another \$52 in two hours. Previous experience not necessary. For terms and full particulars address, The Monroe Eraser Mfg Co., X St., La Crosse, Wis.

**\$25 to \$50** per week, to Agents, Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only practical way to repaste rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc.; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing, or machinery. Thick plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Fords large, W. P. Harrison & Co., Columbus, O.

**GIVEN AWAY!** An all Brass Mammoth 4 Draw FIELD TELESCOPE SENT FREE!

Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they won't cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on, MORSE & CO., Box 5 Augusta, Maine. Write today

**THE DOLLAR CAMERA** AND OUTFIT COMPLETE

A GENUINE PHOTO-TAKING MACHINE, NOT A TOY,

But a Perfect Picture Producer, to be set up and used in any home.

In the line of our hundreds of low priced and reliable specialties, we now manufacture this Complete Photographing Outfit, which will be our leader during the coming season. This outfit consists of everything shown in cut and mentioned below: A strong and perfectly made CAMERA, which will take a picture 2 1/2 inches square, complete with adjustable holder for Plate and PERFECT LENS with cap; A package of the renowned "Harvard Dry Plates"; 2 Japanned Tin Developing Trays; 1 Printing Frame; 1 package Blue Process Paper; 1 sheet Ruby Paper; 1 package Photo Mounts; Hyposulphite Soda; Developing Chemicals; complete and explicit instructions, enabling ANYONE to take ANY CLASS OF PICTURES with this Outfit. Now please remember that you are not buying a Camera ONLY but a complete and PERFECT OUTFIT, all ready to use without further expense to you. No such Outfit has sold heretofore for less than \$5.00. Everything is carefully made and prepared and bound to work perfectly. A wonder to all who see it and its work. You are not restricted to any class of pictures. You can take Landscapes, Portraits, Buildings, in fact ANYTHING and friends that are dear, do you encounter every day whose image you would like to preserve? With this Outfit you can do it almost without expense. It contains all the necessary materials. The Instructions "do the rest." PRICE ONLY \$1.00 by express, by mail postpaid \$1.15. Given for a club of 8 subscribers to COMFORT. Augusta, Maine.

Or if you would like to secure a larger and more expensive Outfit, send for our complete Catalogue and Premium List. We have a grand Outfit for \$2.50 and the Eclipse, No. 3, for only \$10.00. We will send extra sample copies of this grand New Year's Number of COMFORT, together with subscription blanks so that it will be an easy matter for you to obtain subscribers and secure an outfit at once so you can build up a large business this season.

**THE LITTLE GIANT** STAMPING OUTFIT.

Over \$2.00 Worth of New and Handsome Patterns for 30 Cents.

DESCRIPTION OF CONTENTS:-

One Alphabet, Imitation Chinese, 26 Letters, 2 inches high. Very handsome. Sun Flower and Cat-o'-nine-tails, 4x6 in. Design for Tray Cloth, 8x8 inches, see illustration. Design, Daisies, 6 in. high. Illustration. Design, Wild Roses, 4x4 inches. Design for Laundry Bag, 6x8 in. Conventional Design, Crescents for Splashes, Tray Cloths, etc. Outline Girl, 13 inches high. Handsome Rope/Silk Design Fleur-de-Lis, 8x6 inches. Design, Daisies, 5 in. high. Design, Acorns and Leaves, 4x4 inches. Splasher Design, 11x20 inches, very handsome. Design for Applique, 8x' inches, of Roses. Design for Egg Cosey. Design, Cherries with Blossoms; Pretty for Tray Cloths, 6x9 inches. Conventional Design, Lily in Circle, very handsome, for Sofa Pillows, Chair Cushions, etc.

The actual retail value of the patterns in this outfit as sold at any retail pattern store is over \$2.00, and while the patterns are comparatively few in number, **EVERY ONE** is perfect, large and complete, and several of the patterns included are **each** actually worth more than the price of the outfit complete. The price charged for stamping either one of the tray cloth or splasher designs in this outfit, at any store, will fully equal, if not exceed the price of this outfit.

The designs are all new and desirable and are perforated on the new cheap paper used as a substitute for the expensive linen bond paper, and may be used for power stamping 50 to 75 times each, and will give perfect satisfaction. Do not attempt to use them for wet, or paint stamping, as it will certainly spoil them. With each outfit we send one Box Black Powder, one Pad, and full instructions how to do the stamping successfully, the whole set secure in a strong case.

Given free for a club of two yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**MEN WANTED** Every county, to distribute circulars ONLY. CASH PAID. Extra Stamp. ADVERTISING BUREAU, No. 20 Bond St., New York City.

**SELF THREADING Sewing Needles.** Weak sighted or blind can thread them. Finest quality. Very sharp. One dozen for 25c. Send 25c for 100c. Money easily made selling them. G. E. MARSHALL, LOCKPORT, N.Y.

**WANTED** Women to take Crochet work to do at home. Steady work. Write for particulars. L. WHITE & CO., 209 State St., Chicago, Ill.

**YOU** You can now grasp a fortune. A new guide to rapid wealth, with 240 fine engravings, sent free to any person. This is a chance of a lifetime. Write at once. Lynn & Co. 48 Bond St., New York.

**\$1.50 Buys a Gent's Gold-Filled (STEM WIND) WATCH (DUST PROOF) (OPEN FACE) (COMPLETE)** with Elgin or Waltham Movement. Guaranteed to wear 15 years. Sent C. O. D., with privilege of examination before paying for same. Address O. R. BLAKELY, Bradford, McKean Co., Pa.

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**MEN WANTED** Young, old or middle-aged men to try a NEW CERTAIN CURE for Nervousness, Weakness or Debility, from whatever cause. I will send the prescription of this remedy which cured me FREE to anyone. Enclose stamp. Address CHAS. GAUS, MARSHALL, MICH.

1st month Our Remedies make the weak strong, ICURE plumples on the face, bashfulness, nervousness, etc., and bring about the results illustrated here. So great is our faith in our scheme we will send one Full Months' Medicinal and Much Valuable Information FREE. Address G. M. CO., 835 Broadway, New York.

**EACH** **TELESCOPE** **SENT FREE!** Everybody needs to have a nice Telescope, they are a household necessity and a travelers companion. We have a new style all brass powerful glass, from Berlin. Will send out 1000 free on inspection in order to advertise. Remember they won't cost you one cent only for postal you send your address on, MORSE & CO., Box 5 Augusta, Maine. Write today

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SUNSHINE AND  
SYMPATHY  
FOR THE  
SHUT INS.

They love pretty things, are fond of quilts and jewelry and lace, and many dress in silk and plush. They rent to us poor whites their rich lands. Our worst feature is no school near, 4 miles away. This will let my COMFORT friends know that I am not lost, only drifted away to the wilds of the frontier.

MARY A. LAUGHLIN, Nowata, Ind. Ter."

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have so many letters this month that I will omit my usual talk and reading with you, and let you have all the space for yourselves. My heart is full of sympathy for you at the beginning of this new year, which means to many the opening of another year of suffering, with few bright spots in the darkness; but, dear friends,

"God's ways are dark, but soon or late They touch the shining hills of day."

Take courage, and look up! "I know your life is a darkened one, But the clouds will drift away. And the sunlight of gladness shine out bright For you some time, some day. Then keep a brave heart through the battle of life, Remembering this always: That for every night of sorrow, Will be given a glad, bright day."

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## SUNSHINE AND SYMPATHY FOR THE SHUT INS.

They love pretty things, are fond of quilts and jewelry and lace, and many dress in silk and plush. They rent to us poor whites their rich lands. Our worst feature is no school near, 4 miles away. This will let my COMFORT friends know that I am not lost, only drifted away to the wilds of the frontier.

MARY A. LAUGHLIN, Nowata, Ind. Ter."

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I have so many letters this month that I will omit my usual talk and reading with you, and let you have all the space for yourselves. My heart is full of sympathy for you at the beginning of this new year, which means to many the opening of another year of suffering, with few bright spots in the darkness; but, dear friends,

"God's ways are dark, but soon or late They touch the shining hills of day."

Take courage, and look up! "I know your life is a darkened one, But the clouds will drift away. And the sunlight of gladness shine out bright For you some time, some day. Then keep a brave heart through the battle of life, Remembering this always: That for every night of sorrow, Will be given a glad, bright day."

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THE POOR MOTHER'S SORROW.

The coming of the cold disagreeable Winter weather, means the return of many old plagues.

A system that is strong and vigorous is usually impregnable against their attacks, while the system that is weak is liable to go down before the first assault.

So the way to escape the grip is to keep strong. But how? One lady in Rhode Island writes: "I was fearful that I would have the grip because I was all run down, but I took Oxien according to directions and the dreadful germs did not fasten upon me. I feel that without Oxien the grip would have taken me away."

A bad cold is the open doorway through which this unwelcome guest frequently enters. Keep this doorway closed by an early use of Oxien. Free samples will be sent you by addressing The Giant Oxie Co., Augusta, Maine. It will cure the symptoms easier than it can the disease and with more comfort to you, but if too late to catch the early symptoms, then take it for the disease and you will be pleased, relieved, cured.

**One of Our Correspondents Writes, Jan. 1892.** I have an interesting case to relate. A family by the name of Buck, living in our city, have a daughter Nellie, 18 years old. A little more than one year since she was taken with the Grippe, and for a time was very bad; but in time got better, when signs of St. Vitus' dance appeared, and soon became very alarming. A doctor was called and attended her for 4 weeks, but the patient grew worse, when another doctor was called, who said she ought to have been cured in 4 weeks. But when he had treated her 8 weeks, the mother told me the daughter could neither dress, undress, or feed herself. At this time the mother called on the last doctor and told him Nellie was growing worse all the time. He then frankly told her Nellie could never be cured. With a heavy heart she went home. About that time she was told I was selling Oxien, the wonderful food for the nerves. She came to me in person and got a 35c. box, and strange to tell, the first box was not used up before a marked improvement was visible. They kept up its use until she had taken the contents of 6 small boxes, when wonderful to relate she was perfectly cured and

is to-day well and hearty. All the foregoing facts I have from the parents and the young lady herself. They live within 20 minutes walk of me, and I have their permission, and Miss Nellie's also, to make these facts public.

An almost parallel case, though not quite so bad, is that of a 16 year old son of Mr. Frank Fisk, living 2 miles from me. Had been similarly afflicted, and all medical skill had failed, but by a few dollars' worth of the food is now well.

ALLEN TIBBETS.

P. S. Yesterday I saw and conversed with the young man, Fisk, who told me he was now perfectly cured, though he had been so bad that he had been obliged to quit his school and all his studies.

## PILES CURED FREE!

A new, certain, painless cure for all forms of piles; gives immediate relief, and permanent cure. To prove it we will send a trial package Free to any one for one 2c. stamp for postage.

Address PYRAMID DRUG CO., Albion, Mich.

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PAID FOR. C. GARDNER & CO., MONROVIA, CONN.

**FREE** SHEET MUSIC and words of "TA-HA-BOOM-DEE-AH," Come and Sing, and Love, and Marriage in 14 chapters, illustrated. Send 2c. stamp for postage. W. PHILLIPS & CO., 50 C. Ave., Chicago.

**MARRIAGE PAPER** FREE. 500 ladies and gents want correspondents GUNNELS' MONTHLY, TOLEDO, OHIO.

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**Dr. LaFIEUS' FRENCH MOUSTACHE VIGOR** grows a beard on the smoothest face in 20 days or money refunded. Never falls. Sent on receipt of 50c stamps or silver; 3 packages for \$1. Beware of cheap imitations; none other genuine. Send for circular. Address, T. W. SAXE, box 122, Warsaw, Indiana.

**FITS** EPILEPSY, ETC., permanently cured. Treatise, testimonials and Remedy for trial sent FREE to any sufferer. Established 22 years. Address Dr. BOSS, Richmond, Indiana.

**BEAUTIFUL** Beard, Eyebrows and hair grown in 3 weeks by using Turcish Elixer, or money refunded. 1 piece of the Elixer, hands band ring, 1 pr. sleeve buttons, 1 Alaska pin, 1 gilt stud and pinc. trinket card, all for 25c, 3 for 50c etc. lady or gent, all guard. TREMONT TOILET CO., Station A, Boston, Mass.

**KIDNEYS & BLADDER.** I will send full particulars of a cure for all diseases of the above FREE.

Dr. D. A. WILLIAMS, East Hampton, Conn.

**MAGNETIC BELTS** ASTONISH THE WORLD WITH THEIR VITAL CURATIVE POWER. MAGNETIC SHIELD CO. 6. CENTRAL MUSIC HALL, CHICAGO.

## CONSUMPTION.

Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 188 Pearl St., New York.

**NERVOUS DISORDERS** CURED FREE! Try a Recipe which I send Free to any sufferer. A Sure Cure for Nervous Weakness, Debility, Face Pimples, Despondency, etc. Address, L. S. FRANKLIN, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

**Cut this Out** and return it to us with 10c silver or stamp, and we will send your name to our Agents' Directory. You will get thousands of Papers, Cards, Magazines, Novelties, etc. from publishers and manufacturers who want agents. DON'T MISS THIS but send at once, we will be well pleased. WESTERN MAIL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**MEN WANTED**

To try a Prescription which I will send Free to any sufferer. A sure cure for Nervous Weakness and all broken down in health and strength. Address

L. A. BRADLEY, BATTLE CREEK, Mich.

## Health, Strength, Vigor.

Young men cured and instructed how to retain health through life. Old men made to feel young, strong and full of vigor. If you are weak, nervous, broken down in health and strength, I will tell you how to get well and keep well. CURE YOURSELF! Send your name and address

L.S.FRANKLIN, Music Dealer, Marshall, Mich.

**LADIES! PILLA SOLVENE** Only half solvent known. Permanently dissolves Superficial Hair, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration or injury. Particulars, etc.

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## COMFORT.

## A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

## A TRUE STORY OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY J. D. ELLSWORTH.

Copyright, 1893, by the Publishers of COMFORT.

DIED at her home in Denver, Mrs. Sarah Alice Worthington, born Norris, at the age of 63 years, 4 months, 6 days. Funeral Wednesday at 2 P. M. Iowa papers please copy.

This death notice appeared last week in the Rocky Mountain Press.

An old lady, possibly a beloved and respected grandmother, had passed to her rest. Evidently she had friends in Iowa, but beyond the notice told very little.

Born, married, died and buried. What more could the dead ask, and yet to me there seemed a great gap in the life history.

Worthington-Norris. Two names that seemed to summarize her life and yet between them I put another and a dearer name, connected with one of the most mysterious chains of tragedy that the western frontier ever produced.

For Sallie Norris was twice married, and the full strength of her love and her life were given to her first husband.

But why reveal that name?

She is dead, and I am free to tell the thrilling story that saddened her declining years. It is a story of crime and retribution. I feel that it ought to be told, but not in that name. There are those still alive who bear it and COMFORT would not make the innocent suffer for the guilty.

In '79 California was an old story. Colorado was the State where the mining fever prevailed with the greatest virulence. Rare Colorado, where the blue skies and eternal sunshine looked upon men crazed with the greed of gold, maddened by drink and the thirst for their brothers' blood.

There is little fiction told of those days. The naked truth is too terrible.

The men who saw the lowest depths of those tragedies and still live are serious, mirthless men, who do not tell what they have seen.

Many went West in the early days with the hope of fortune. More were driven West by some mistake, crime or financial disaster from whose consequences they wished to escape. They left their debts and even their names, and untrammeled turned their faces to the setting sun.

They shook off all the restraints of civilized society. They fought, gambled and drank with the reckless spirit of the time and when they dug in the mines it was to get money for more dissipations.

In the spring of 1879 Jules Ballou and his only son "Little Jules," drove across the rolling prairies. All day the father kept his eyes turned resolutely westward. It was only at

It is a terrible madness, that of the lonely sheep-herder.



rises and sets for him alone. But it brings no joy, no hope. He takes out the sheep automatically, moved by a habit stronger than his will. He does not take his own life, but the life of his soul. Down, down his soul is dragged into the depths of a hell that his own mind has created.

His eyes grow large, but they sink into his head and scarcely see. He is tortured with a grief that some night breaks his heart and the neglected sheep starve in their corral.

It was only the boy that saved Jules from the madness in those years on the Black Forks ranch. Jules was too young to remember his former home, and healthy as an antelope he found ranch life full of interesting things. He had jolly games with Crepo, the sheep dog, and sometimes on wet nights he took his pet lamb to bed with him.

When he grew older he had a little rifle of his own and shot the prairie dogs as they stood erect guarding their holes. When the wolves came to attack the sheep, neither father nor son dreaded the danger but rather welcomed it as a pleasant excitement that relieved the dreary monotony of their life.

It was not so lonesome after the first four years. Jules was steadily growing rich. His herd was too large for one man and he hired Bill White to take care of part of the sheep.

Jules did not quite like the look in White's eye, but men were scarce for ranch work and he hired him in spite of his sinister appearance.

White had a friend who worked on the ranch 8 miles away. "Big John" this man was called and sometimes on Sunday afternoon he would ride over to the Black Forks ranch on a high-headed buckskin broncho.

There was no sinister look in Big John's eyes, which were large and honest-looking. John was a good-natured fellow and made friends everywhere. It was said that he had been a stage driver out of Cheyenne and had made money, but why he had ridden the buckskin broncho down into the Black Forks region no one could tell.

One Sunday afternoon Big John rode over to see White with a Henry rifle hanging from the horn of his saddle. It was a calm, beautiful day and Jules and his man were lying lazily on opposite hillsides watching the divided herd.

It seems incredible that such a quiet, pastoral scene should be set for a murder, but that was the bill and Big John was cast for the principal role. In cold blood he and White talked over the killing of Jules and the appropriating of his herd and other possessions. Jules gazed at them lazily without a suspicion of their purpose.

White had first suggested the diabolical plot but in the broad light of day he weakened and backed down. Treacherous even to his brother conspirator he decided to warn Jules at the last minute and free himself from further responsibility. Together the two men crossed to where the ranch owner lay.

Suddenly White broke away from his companion and shouted to Jules to run for his life.

Big John was startled by such unexpected treachery. His eyes blazed with anger. He hesitated only a minute and then brought his rifle to his cheek and fired.

It was Bill White that went down under that bullet. Then Jules understood. He had a good start and began a desperate race for his cabin.

It was man against horse.

Life against life.

Big John's blood was stirred. He sent a couple of shots after the flying herder. But they both missed. Then he spurred up his horse for the chase.

The ground was rough with dogholes but the pursuer rode desperately and was steadily gaining.

Jules was approaching his cabin. Once inside he could protect himself even against odds. It was an exciting moment but just as Jules was about to escape he stumbled and fell.

The racing broncho nearly ran down the prostrate man before John hauled him down on his haunches. Again the pursuer brought his rifle to his cheek and caught his aim.

The ranchman's son had heard the clatter of the horse's hoofs and stood with his little rifle in his hand behind the half-open door of the cabin.

The terrible scene explained itself. Little Jules took deliberate aim and fired.

Big John's gun fell to the ground with a crash. Big John himself kept his seat in the saddle. He knew he was shot, but there was yet a chance for his life. He dashed over a knoll towards the distant mining camp and disappeared with his right arm hanging useless by his side.

The Gondola mine was near Silver City in one of the wildest portions of the Rocky Mountains. It had yielded pay dirt from the very first and the vein panned out richer and richer as the shaft went down into the side of the mountain.

In the summer of 1885 there were 200 men in the workings of the Gondola—a typical gang of miners. There were but two drawbacks to the mine—the lawsuit that had followed it from its first development and the water which ran slowly but steadily into the shaft.

Night and day the pumps were kept working and when the superintendent lost his chief engineer he selected One-armed John to take the important post upon which the value of the property and the lives of the men depended.

One-armed John was as rough and uncouth as any miner in the lot but he had a sort of quiet dignity that made him different from the others and his eyes were large and honest-looking.



When he struck the camp that spring he had given his name as "John" in a way that seemed to stop further questioning. His right arm was stiff and awkward but his left did the work of both.

In the saloon at night the men talked over the new arrival.

"He's been shot in the arm," they whispered. "No

doctor. He won't say nothin'. Must have been in a duel—for a woman."

When the surmises reached John's ears he said, "Yes, it was a duel," and that ended it, except that he was called "One-armed John" from that day. He drank little, gambled less, and seemed to save his money, but he was as popular with the men as with the superintendent.

One day the works of the Gondola were stopped. The long lawsuit had come to an end. The mine was taken by the Deputy United States Marshal who drove up the precipitous toll-road with the necessary papers.

Then the engine and pumps were still and the water rose steadily in the shaft. The miners felt that the job was up for that season at any rate.

The superintendent left for Denver, but before he went he had a long talk with the Government officer.

"I want a thoroughly competent and faithful man for custodian," said the deputy. "Who would you recommend?"

The superintendent said that John had been trusted with the safety of the mine and the lives of the miners and was both competent and reliable.

So One-armed John was made custodian. When the miners, impatient for their pay, started to smash the machinery, John persuaded them not to do it.

When the pay did come all in gold, and the Deputy Marshal drove ten miles down to Silver City to get it, John went as a body-guard. Together they brought back the money along the lonely toll-road and under the cover of the night.

When the late snows came and the mine and camp were deserted for the winter, the faithful custodian left the mountain with \$300 in his buckskin belt.

When he reached Pueblo as "John Hill" he still had the \$300 and drove a team of four gray horses that an unknown Swede had driven out of Silver City. But the first day at Pueblo he traded off the grays for a team of another color.

Here he fell in with George McCabe who had not gone to Colorado to rough it alone. George went to make his fortune but he was too much of a domestic man to give up his home. That's why when he crossed the plains he took his wife, Mary, with him, and when he came to Pueblo he set up his tent on the flats beside the muddy Arkansas.

Somehow he never got any further.

The tent had grown into a comfortable adobe house and with his team of four horses he was able to

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 15.)

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

## INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS.

A new style trick camera given away. Ask a friend to look in camera and you will take his picture, withdraw the slide and there is where the joke comes in by using this universal fun maker; it is ingeniously constructed, has celluloid slide with real camera appearance, and sells by the thousands. Morse & Co., Augusta, Maine, have hundreds of new articles in 1893 Catalogue and will send this great Photographer free if you enclose 3c. for mailing. You are then told how to obtain many new novelties and useful presents without costing you a cent.



ABOUT LETTER-WRITING.

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P. S.—Diamond, Watch or



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A HAPPY NEW YEAR to all Busy Bees! With the coming of another year, and the opportunities it has in store for all, it is particularly appropriate to preach the gospel of sunlight and brightness, the sunshine of faces, and the sunshine of nature, in the home.

Too much care, thought and attention cannot be given by the homemaker to the furnishing of her house, to give it individuality and character, which means, to make it suited to the uses of her family, satisfying the needs of its members and making it something more than a mere place to eat and sleep.

But before offering a few hints for the homemakers, let me show you a cunning little ornament, from a design furnished by Miss Annie Fisher, Woodstock, N. B.



It is made as follows: Take a piece of sandpaper 7 by 3 inches and four skeins of pale yellow Berlin. Make the latter into a round ball by tying in the middle, and clip it to the shape of a chicken's body. Make a smaller ball for the head, with a bill of wood, and black beads for eyes, fasten to the body and you have a natural looking chick. Fasten it about one inch from the edge, on the rough side of the sand-paper. A broken egg-shell, gilded or bronzed can be fastened over it and "1893, Just Out" painted on the shell. It makes a dainty ornament for the table or mantel, and is very convenient to scratch matches upon.

Now in regard to house furnishings. It is not a mere question of buying new or pretty things. First, one should consider just what is needed, whether it is useful, and whether it will harmonize with what your room already contains. Remember the man who had a pin-cushion presented to him, so gorgeous that it made "everything else look mean," and who spent the rest of his life "trying to live up to his pin-cushion." The haphazard choice of an article simply because it is new or fashionable, is a poor policy, but there are many little things that add to the comfort and beauty of a home, that can be made or acquired from time to time with but little expense. Bear in mind in purchasing a table, chair or desk that you are buying something that should last your lifetime and be valued by your descendants, but have nothing that is *too good to use*.

Don't be afraid of letting the sunlight into your rooms. Fade the carpets? Well, what if it does. There is no danger of making your home too bright.

In the way of needle-work there are lovely things for house furnishing. A comfortable hassock, for instance, embroidered in flat stitch can be made with little trouble. The sides can be of velvet, plush or heavy broad-cloth of any color desired. Dark brown is a durable color.

The sides should be fifteen inches long and ten and three-fourths wide, cut to curve about five inches.

The top is covered with lighter cloth and embroidered in several colors in tapestry wool. The outlines of the embroidery are made in stem stitch, the fillings in flat stitch. The upper edge of the hassock is bound with thick brown cord twisted with gold, and the loops at the ends also made of the same. This is the outside covering—the inner covering should be of stout drilling and filled with curled hair, or if this is not obtainable, straw or newspaper stripped into shreds may be used.

Chairs and sofas should be comfortable before all else, your tables firm, your book-cases as strong and as good as you can afford. Do not be persuaded to buy a chair or table that is merely a fashion of the day. Remember it is the upholsterer and shopman who change and make the fashions, with an eye to business, and be guided by your own good taste and the money you have to spend.

A chair that will be a convenience and a comfort in any home and that can be gotten up for a small amount is shown in the illustration.



A COMFORT CHAIR.

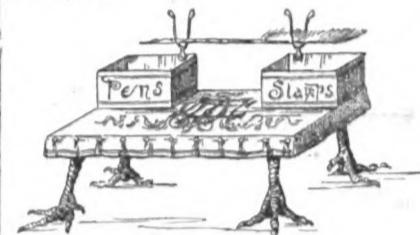
The chair alone can be purchased for about \$2.50 at almost any furniture store. It is called the steamer, or reclining chair, and when not wanted can be folded up and put away, taking but little room.

It has a cane seat and back, and to make it easy for an invalid, or restful for one who is tired, it needs to be upholstered. This you can do yourself, and you will be surprised at the improvement it will make.

Measure your chair for the length of the back, then for the length of the seat with extension. Make your cushions these lengths, of stout cotton cloth and fill with feathers or curled hair. For the outside covering you can use your own judgment as to the material. If the chair is to be in constant use a dark blue drilling is advisable. You can embroider this with white, terra-cotta or old gold in large scroll patterns, or in small conventional designs, fastening it to your chair either with ribbon, cord or small brass-headed tacks.

The chairs generally come in the natural wood colors that may be ebonized, stained, gilded or painted, according to the fancy of the owner. One chair of this sort painted white and covered with two large white fur rugs, with large cushion of sea-green silk makes an ornamental and comfortable addition to a daintily planned room.

Another Christmas design is here given which, had it reached us in season, would surely have won a prize. It is for a desk ornament, and was sent by Mrs. Helen M. Cooke of Hawley, Pa.



A USEFUL ORNAMENT.

She says: "We were especially blessed with turkeys at New Years, and thinking the feet might prove good for something, I preserved them. I sawed them off above the joint, and standing them in a perfectly upright position, with toes well spread, fastened them there with numerous strings and pins. They stood thus until a few weeks ago, when they were dried hard and in perfect shape. Fortunately, they were all of the same size. I measured the height, and cut off each just below the joint, so they would be level.

Then I gave them a good coat of gilt and behold, four perfect hammered brass ornaments. A ragged edged card made a good table top with the feet for legs, and was easily glued on. Two small pasteboard boxes were next glued to the card directly over the two back table legs, and a wish-bone fastened firmly to the inner side of each, and then I made a pen-wiper to go with it. I filled one small box with pens, the other with postage stamps, and laid a pen and holder across the upright wish-bones.

The card cost 2 cents, the pens 10 cents, and the stamps 50. The gilt can hardly be counted, as it took but a few drops.

Another useful article is described by Anna Gurske, Omaha, Nebraska. It is a "Catch-all," and is made as follows: First procure a large tin drinking cup and cover it with Java canvas, which may be worked in cross-stitch. Draw the canvas tightly over the cup, first turning in the edges.

The top is made of satin and drawn up with cord and tassel. The handle is covered with the canvas and bound together at the edges.

To return to the furnishing question; have your furniture to use. Don't set it about stiffly but arrange it as you want it. In the matter of draperies, you can begin with the figured scrim, with cream tinted ground, that sells for 25 cents a yard and is suitable for a sitting room. You can purchase this in cream tints, or in white, with conventional figures in blue, yellow or terra-cotta. From these simple hangings one can go upward through a varied stock of lace and silk damask. It is good taste that does more for the completion of a room, or for the making of a dress than fashion, or simply money. The country girl who knows nothing of Parisian modes, is frequently dressed in a more tasteful and becoming manner than the woman of wealth to whom dress means nothing but the purchase of expensive material. So in a house, the furnishings may be inexpensive but the result artistic and comfortable.

The Busy Bees are to have another chance to exercise their ingenuity, as a new prize offer is to be made early in the New Year that will give all an opportunity to do their best to win the generous cash awards that will then be announced. And with COMFORT costing but 25 cents a year the publishers hope that every Bee will make it a point to secure at least one new subscriber before the end of this month. If our

friends will do this our subscription list will be doubled (making it over two millions) and the cash prizes will then also be doubled.

Hoping that 1893 may be a profitable and happy year for you all, I am  
BUSY BEE.

#### CORNISH IN CONGRESS.

Our readers will be interested to know that State Senator Johnston Cornish of the world-famed firm of Cornish & Co., Piano and Organ manufacturers of Washington, New Jersey, has been triumphantly elected to represent the large and important Fourth District of New Jersey in Congress. From Mayor of Washington to State Senator and thence to Congress is a remarkable record for so young a man as Johnston Cornish, but his personal magnetism, his unstained record and his undoubted abilities both as a business man and a politician make it apparent that his success is deserved. The excellence of the Cornish Pianos and Organs is well known, and the remarkable plan of business by which Messrs. Cornish sell their instruments at factory cost direct to the general public has been so wonderfully popular, saving to the people the enormous profits made by agents and middlemen, that we should not wonder if we have to chronicle in a short time yet another addition to their extensive range of factories at Washington, New Jersey. Their beautiful catalogue, the finest ever issued and containing photographs of the members of the firm and full particulars and prices of all instruments manufactured by them is sent to any one free on application.

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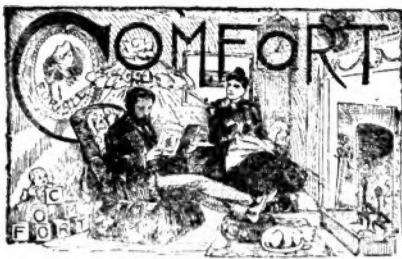
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1893.

May it be a happy year to all.

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We are determined that COMFORT readers shall have the very best stories that skill and genius can produce and money can purchase. And in view of the popular favor with which the productions of the Nutshell Story Club have been received, we are pleased to announce an increase in the cash prizes. Full particulars will be found elsewhere in this issue.

The month of January is the time for beginning good things and this is therefore the season for subscribing to COMFORT and getting your friends to do so. It costs only 25 cents a year and no other paper has such splendid prize and premium features or is of such genuine interest to all.

The death of Jay Gould has occasioned extraordinary comment the world over. The usual eulogies have given place to wide-spread discussion of his remarkable career as a financier and the wonderful opportunities of the great country in which such a career is possible. COMFORT has no desire to paint Mr. Gould either as a saint or a hero, but it is undeniable that his rise from poverty and obscurity to the position of the wealthiest and most powerful financier of his time illustrates what pluck, perseverance and ability will do in America. In Mr. Gould all these qualities were wonderfully developed, and his success was phenomenal. While the ambition of his life was the acquisition of money and while his methods may have been open to criticism, he made his money chiefly off those who were arrayed against him in the struggle for wealth, and many of these were men who posed as great philanthropists and Christians and who are most severe in their criticism of him to-day. His enormous possessions were the means of developing a great section of this country and of giving lucrative employment to hundreds of thousands of men, of whose interests he was always considerate. He was no hypocrite and sentiment had no place in his business affairs. His private character and his home life were above reproach. He opened his beautiful house to the young actress with whom his son fell honestly in love, and welcomed her as a daughter.

The world is inclined to censure him for the selfish disposal of his vast wealth, but it is not for men to know how he dispensed it during his life. So say those who knew him best.

The past year has been remarkable not only for the peace and prosperity which it has brought to the people of the United States, but for the great political revolution of November 8th and the alarm arising from the introduction of cholera into New York. No better proof of the healthful condition of the country is needed than the calmness with which it passed through the one and stamped out the other.

We may look to the New Year with hope and curious interest. There will be general anxiety in the business world to observe the effects of the political changes about to take place. But there is universal confidence in the patriotism and good sense of the people's representatives and a firm belief that the administration of the government will be conducted wisely and for the best interests of the whole country. One of the events of 1893 will be the Columbian Exposition, which will attract to the United States the attention of the whole world. Thousands of people from every country and clime will visit Chicago during the year.

We may well expect this year to be one of the most important in its influence upon the business and social life of our country. While foreign powers are alarmed by the prospect of

war, our own land continues to be blessed, filled with plenty, and at peace with all mankind.

COMFORT, ever on the alert, proposes to keep pace with the march of advancement and we shall shortly change the make-up of our paper, introducing new and original features that will startle the world.

*"That Woman's Curse."* This is the title of one of the best stories ever published. It is from the pen of that clever writer Sam Davis of the Carson Appeal and will appear in "Comfort" for February.

## NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Written for COMFORT.

Merrymakings of New Year's Eve and New Year's Day are of very ancient date, and throughout the Christian world the custom of sitting up, either at home with friends, or in churches, to watch the old year out and the new year in, is still popular.

The First of January marks a day in the calendar when many people make their good resolves for the coming months, generally forgetting that every day is the beginning of a new year and therefore equally desirable as a time for good resolutions for the present and future. Still, it is well to remember January First as an imaginary milestone on the turnpike of human life—a starting point for fresh exertion.

The "Wassail" at the New Year Eve gathering is one of the old customs still kept up in many parts of England and Scotland. On the approach of twelve o'clock, a kettle of warmed, spiced and seasoned ale is prepared, and when the clock strikes the knell of the departing year, each member of the family drinks of this mixture, wishing each other "Good health, a Happy New Year, and many of them," with a general hand-shaking. The party then starts out with the hot kettle and a provision of cakes, and visits their neighbors. If they meet others whom they know, they stop and "give and take" sips from their respective kettles.

Doubtless the more modern practice of New Year calls originated in the "Wassail Visit." But this custom is rapidly dying out. In New York and Washington, where but a few years ago all people of social position opened their doors to throngs of visitors, very few "receive" at all.

The failure of all joyful observances of this day would be regrettable. It is a season for the reunion of friends and relatives, and good will towards all should reign supreme.

## ARABIAN WEDDINGS.

Written for COMFORT.

Far-off Arabia Friday is not considered unlucky. At all events, all weddings are celebrated on that day.

The Arab bride is purchased from her father for a certain sum, and while the girl's wishes are sometimes consulted, she is only made aware of her fate by being forcibly seized when near the camp by her future husband, who instead of running away with her, carries her on horseback to her father's tent.

While she may not dislike her lover, she is expected to resist capture with all her strength; and her struggles, bites and scratches are supposed not only to prove his courage, but to command her to the admiration of her friends.

At the tent she is dressed in her wedding costume, placed upon a camel and escorted to her future home. Her face is covered with heavy veil, and it is considered the correct thing for her to weep and sob loudly and bitterly. As her features are hidden from view it is possible that there is more noise than grief.

Marriages with widows are believed to be unlucky, and are attended with but little rejoicing. Divorce is an easy matter, and no discredit is attached to it. The process is simple. The husband has only to say in the presence of a witness, "Thou art divorced," and the affair is settled.

If the couple choose, they can be reunited. The wife has also the chance of freeing herself and husband from matrimonial bonds. If she is unhappy she can return to her father's house, and the husband cannot reclaim her.

## THE JUMPERS.

Written for COMFORT.

Religions of the world are as different as the people who believe in them. England doubtless has a longer list of religious beliefs than any other nation. There exist no less than 183 different denominations in that country. Among these the sect known as "Jumpers" is perhaps the most peculiar, both in its form of belief and in its manner of worship.

It originated in Devonshire in the early part of the present century. Joanna Southcott was its founder. The doctrine is grounded in the belief that the devil is everywhere and always present, and that it is the duty of every Christian to jump upon him. Of course the higher the jump the more forcible the descent, so the worshippers jump as high as possible in order to come down heavily upon their enemy, Satan.

Chapels were built, and without uttering a word, the Jumpers jumped upon the devil to their hearts' content. This sect has not entirely disappeared, although not so numerous as formerly.

Among the other strange and curious names given to the different sects are the following:

"The Peculiar People," who trust in Providence to cure them of all ills.

Then there are the "Quakers" and the "Shakers," whose religions and whose customs have found a place in the United States.

The "Secularists" believe that the affairs of this world should be thought of before those of the next, and that religion should not pretend to a monopoly of what is good and moral.

However peculiar the names of these different sects, or however amusing their customs, there is generally found a sense of reverence, a genuine sincerity and purpose of right doing among them.

## SHORT BUT SWEET.

Mrs. W. Leslie Collins of Frankfort, Kentucky, writes to the publishers of COMFORT under date of December 6th: "Your check for Twenty dollars received. Many thanks. I am pleased that my story, 'That Night,' received one of the Nutshell Story Club prizes, and I consequently feel an increased interest in COMFORT, and hope to manifest that interest in a substantial manner."

## FACTS ABOUT SMUGGLING.

Written for COMFORT.

APPRAYER of U.S. Customs was asked by the editor of a religious journal the other day to write what he knew about smuggling.

"I never was a smuggler myself," replied the official, "and at this moment I can recall but one instance of smuggling that came under my own observation. A returning missionary from Turkey had among his effects a beautiful inlaid rifle and a sword of Damascus steel, and when the dutiable articles were discovered he tried to palm them off as tools of his trade."

At the custom house of all persons of all creeds and degrees meet with but one code of morality, with but one fixed purpose—to beat the government if they possibly can.

A common trick is to fill a packing case with fig paste or some fruit delicacy. There is a false bottom and beneath it are secreted paintings of great value. Sometimes a cheap lithograph is imported in a frame, while between the picture and the thin board back there will be \$1000 worth of works in oils and water colors.

Another way is by the importation of volumes over 20 years old which are received free of duty, although in the covers are hidden steel engravings and etchings upon which the duty would be hundreds of dollars.

Old and antique pieces of furniture are also entered free but they are seized when the inspectors find in secret drawers silver, bronze and ivory carvings of rare workmanship and costly materials.

The smugglers sometimes pack jewelry and precious stones in small boxes which are put in the middle of bags of beans. It is not practicable to empty every bag so the inspectors run them through with sharp iron rods or "tryers."

A case marked "olives" was recently received at an American port. It contained four sealed tins, one really containing olives and the other three packed with many thousand dollars worth of jewels and silverware. There are other methods of smuggling merchandise but the false bottom is oftenest used as it cannot be detected except by an experienced eye.

But a great deal of smuggling is done by tourists and professional travellers who do not go near the custom house. They often conceal with great care in their soiled clothing dozens of pairs of kid gloves and rare laces worth a small fortune. The ladies sew valuable dress patterns under their skirts and secrete about their persons diamonds and other jewelry. They walk ashore in furs even in the hottest July weather and sometimes wear two sealskin sacques, cleverly basted together.

One woman had several hundred dollars worth of ostrich plumes in the sleeves of her dress. She failed to bend her arms lest she should break the feathers and her stiff attitude led to her discovery.

A man who had his pockets filled with gold watches carelessly left the cases in his trunk. Following this clue the inspectors found the watches.

Many valuable dresses are brought in by bogus actresses or by dressmakers employees who pose as society women. The discovery is funny when a gown claimed by a lady passenger is found to be eight inches smaller than her bust measure.

The inspectors say that the most smuggling is done by society people who could well afford to pay the customs duties, but sometimes a poor woman distorts her person into a marvelous shape with clothing which she is entitled to bring in free.

An inspector saw an emigrant woman tuck something in her bosom. She was poorly dressed and weighed over 200 pounds.

"What have you there?" he asked.

"Wud ye, wud ye, now?" cried she.

But her bluff did not go and when she was made to disclose a quart bottle, she explained, "Shure, it's but a drop of the creature to comfort me and me man on the way to Chicago."

The inspector sympathized and she kept her soothing syrup.

## FLOATING MOUNTAINS.

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ICEBERG is one of the most picturesque and dangerous objects encountered by the mariners. Rising from the sea like a mountain in crystal, with shining peaks and dark blue cliffs, they charm the eye with their beauty; but the experienced seaman dreads the possibility of a collision with their stone-solidity, knowing that it means the almost certain destruction of ship and passengers.

The story of their formation is one of interest. In the polar regions snow and ice form in ravines and gorges, and these masses move constantly toward a lower level.

The advance of this body of frozen water is hardly perceptible, but it makes its way to the sea, where the end, by the undermining action of the water, is broken off from the glacier and drifts into the ocean—an iceberg.

These great fragments, often miles in extent, drift about with the currents, bearing with them rocks and patches of frozen soil, and sometimes a passenger or two in the shape of a polar bear or Arctic fox.

Cases are known of shipwrecked sailors living on them for months and being rescued.

Their immense height can only be imagined. From the surface of the water they rise many hundred feet in the air, and it is known that only about one-eighth of their height can be seen. They have been found stranded, fast aground in water two thousand feet deep.

Greenland is the home of these floating mountains. A few form in the Antarctic region but these are not

often encountered. Those from the north are brought by the currents toward the Gulf stream, and dissolved by its warmth.

Often the only warning of their approach is the chill of the air and water, making the atmosphere cold and raw. Another danger is that a haze of vapor hangs over them so that their approach in broad daylight is sometimes almost imperceptible.

As the ice melts the centre of gravity changes, until with a slow lurch the huge mass plunges over and seeks another position.

The traveler who has seen these lonely, mysterious Arctic adventures floating desolately through the seas will never forget the spectacle.

## HOME-MADE DOLLARS.

A stamp sent to Mrs. Marshall Gray, Chapel St., New Haven, Conn., will bring ladies facts about Kitchen Kohinoor (Discovery for giving brilliant lasting polish to tin, brass, glass, gold and silverware) telling how to make money at home.

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**AND HER OWLS.**

**EDITOR'S NOTE.** The following rules govern the publication of all matter in this department.

**Contributors must without exception be regular subscribers to Comfort, and every contribution must bear the writer's own name and post office address in full.**

Original letters only, which deal with matters of general interest will be published. They must be as brief, plain and correct as the writers can make them and may vary in length from one hundred to four hundred words. Only letters of exceptional merit and interest may exceed the latter limit. Contributors must write on one side of their paper only.

Every month a number of prize monograms composed of the writer's initials, will be awarded to those sending the best contributions. These monograms, which will be most desirable ornaments for stationery, cards, etc., will be printed in connection with the respective letters, and new electrotypes of same will be mailed, post paid, to the prize winners.

All communications must be addressed to Aunt Minerva, care of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**JANUARY PRIZE WINNERS.**

**Miss A. S. Swift,** **Miss Stella M. Clanton,**  
**Joseph Newby,** **H. Ballantyne, Jr.**  
**Lilla W. Sickler,** **J. Hanson Plank,**  
**Nettie J. Ziegler,** **Will Ray,**  
**L. R. McLeod,** **S. J. Fuller,**  
**F. W. Barker,** **George W. Williams.**

**EAR NEPHEWS AND NIECES:**

It has been about three and a half years since I began to make your acquaintance, and still you come as at first with your letters as bright and cheery as ever. And there is hardly a month passes in which I do not make the acquaintance of many, many new friends. The letters received this month are unusually interesting. Many I cannot publish now for lack of space. You who contribute to this column have as a rule minds and hearts which are not morbid and unambitious, but which move along good, sensible lines of thought and action. Some one has said that a willing heart and a busy hand make a successful life. And this is true. Most of our troubles and difficulties can be traced either to hearts which are untrue to what we know to be best, or to hands that refuse to do the work appointed. I want to suggest that during this new year you all bear this thought which I have expressed in mind. Then read these letters, and you will find some ideas which may be just fitted to supply your needs.

"My home, Oak Alley, is in Bay St. Louis, Miss. This State takes a foremost rank both for its natural resources, and the genius of its sons. It is covered with gigantic pine trees, which are health-giving, furnish valuable lumber, and keep the soil fertile. This village, which is situated on Mississippi Sound, a body of clear water over which continually blow the healthful and refreshing breezes of the Mexican gulf, was founded by Iberville during his explorations of the gulf of Mexico. Such is our sunny Mississippi, the favored land of heaven, blest with an equable temperature, fanned with sweet-scented breezes, our ears charmed by the magic spell of harmonies gushing from the throats of a thousand songsters, our eyes feasted with exquisite colorings of Southern skies and verdant foliage. Can we help loving and praising our South-land?"

S. H. LABIDIE."

"Some one has asked if I was in Java during the eruption of 1883 which cost the lives of more than 80,000 people. No, but we were there that year, and sailed from Anjeir just 12 days before the catastrophe occurred. Mt. Krakatoa, the volcano which caused all the mischief, had been in eruption for two months, after a silence of over 200 years. We passed the island on which it was situated about sun-

down, and it was a glorious sight to see the smoke and flame pouring out of the crater, and mingling with the calm beauty of the tropical evening sky. The island was seven miles long and five wide, with a mountain in the centre, but the final climax split it completely in half. All level land sank beneath the waves and now there only remain two rugged peaks where the lovely little isle used to be. Another island, Thwart-The-Way, that was exactly in the centre of Sunda Strait, and covered with beautiful verdure, also disappeared, leaving in its place only seven bare, jagged rocks. I could tell of many more changes made by that eruption, together with the earth-quake and tidal-wave which followed, but will only mention that a beautiful valley between the hills, behind Anjeir, is now a large salt lake, owing to the tidal-wave which rolled over the town and hills into the valley, and could not return. Now I will take a leap from Java to Australia, and tell a little about the aborigines that were its original population. They are the lowest known species of humanity; dirty, ignorant, and treacherous even to their best friends. Many attempts have been made to educate and lift them up, but all have failed, simply because there is no natural good material to start with. I wish the cousins could see some pictures which I have of these gentry and their wives, clad in their every day garment—greasy, ragged kangaroo skin—nothing else whatever save a spear held by the man. The women dress just the same, minus the spear, and the only way they can be told from the men is that they have the left arm bare, and the men, the right. The men have several wives, but not because there is much house-work to do, oh dear no! For they have no regular abiding place; when night comes, the family head takes out a dirty clay pipe with an inch long stem from some fold of his robe, and squats down on the ground for a smoke, while the women, with a dozen or so little pickaninnies clinging to them, make their nights lodging room by breaking off some branches from the nearest tree, planting them in the ground, then bending the ends together at the top, and confining them so with one flexible vine. Sometimes in cold weather small boughs will be woven through the open space, and then the whole family creep in through a little hole left for the purpose, and there they spend the night, though how they manage to do so is what no white person has ever been able to understand. These lodges are seldom used twice in succession by the same family, they evidently thinking it easier to build a new dwelling, than to hunt up the old. The women do all the work, burden carrying, etc., and both sexes are totally uneducated in every way, being scarcely a step above the brute creation. We

American women should rejoice that we are so much better off than our chocolate-skinned Australian sisters, and instead of clamoring for "rights" for ourselves, turn our attention to those who need help so sorely, if only they could be induced to take it.

(Miss) A. S. SWIFT, Whitman, Mass."

"If Aunty will give me space, I will tell the cousins something of our Petrified Forest, or Chalcedony Park. Both names are misnomers, for there is no park here, and although there must have been a forest centuries ago, there is none now. As one nears the "Park," he notices pieces of agatized wood, which grow larger and more numerous, until huge logs, half covered with moss and vines, come into view. Some of the trees, when standing, must have been more than 200 ft. high; for even now their prostrate trunks measure from 100 to 150 ft. Twigs only an inch long, and trunks ten ft. thick, may be seen, lying as they fell ages ago, over each other, at right angles, down in gullies and up on hills. But few are unbroken, and the fragments strew thickly over the ground, sparkle in the bright sunlight like so many precious gems. And indeed there are many precious stones among them; the amethyst, topaz, onyx and carnelian are found, not to mention chalcedony and all the varieties of agate. The "Park" is protected only by a railroad rule against shipping specimens from it in bulk, otherwise it lies at the mercy of vandals.

STELLA M. CLANTON, Buckeye, Arizona."

"Perhaps some of the city cousins would like to hear how lumber is manufactured. Seven miles from here is situated the second largest saw-mill in Canada. It is a sight worth one's while to see the logs going up what are called jack-ladders, an inclined plane with an endless chain carrying the logs up into the mill. There they are placed on rollers, which carry them against the saws, of which there are four kinds for cutting the logs; the circular, which cuts one board at a time; the twin circular, which cuts both sides of the log at once, leaving it 12 inches thick; and the gang, which cuts from three to five logs at once. Then the boards go through the edgers, which trim both edges off square. They pass then to the trimmers where both ends are cut off, then they are loaded upon cars and drawn by horses to the piling yard, where, after being piled, they are ready for shipment to all parts of the globe.

To speak of the other parts of this mill, the fire hole where seven large boilers generate steam for the engine, the numerous elevators, carrying refuse from all parts of the mill to one large one, which carries all to the burner; the burner itself, which is in the form of an immense tube 112 feet high; the lath mill and other parts, would require too much

space. I may say that this mill has cut enough lumber in one day of ten hours and a half, which, if placed end to end, would reach a distance of over sixty miles.

JOSEPH NEWBY, Lovering, Ont. Can."

"Now that the long winter evenings are upon us, the question often comes up in a family as to how they shall be spent. The mother does not want to see her boy go to the saloon to find companions, nor does she want her girls to go with the giddy multitude of those who 'take' in every dance and show that comes along, and are out somewhere every night in the week. The best way to counteract the influence of the saloon and the dance-hall is to make the home equally attractive. Furnish the young people with good reading matter and games. Some years

ago the problem of home amusements came into my parents' minds, and this is how it was solved. Our family was large, and we had for neighbors a highly respectable household, about the same size as our own. We invited them to join us in a few parlor games, to which they readily consented. Some obtained a number of card games such as Old Maid, Logomachy, or War of Words, Five Little Pigs, Authors, etc., and several sets of Tiddly Winks, Checkers and Dominoes. One night a week (sometimes two) we met alternately at the two houses, and played games, never tiring of them, being so interested that it was difficult for our parents to persuade us to separate for the night. Occasionally refreshments, such as candy, nuts, fruit and lemonade were introduced, as a side issue and were discussed with avidity. And now at the return of the long evenings, though some of us are parted by many a mile, our memory goes back to the pleasant times we had at home.

H. BALLANTYNE, Jr., Rockville, Ct."

I am a new subscriber hailing from Pala, Cal. In the Spanish language Pala signifies 'fire shovel.' The long canon, bounded on the north and south by mountain ranges, certainly suggests the basin and sides of a shovel. The valley narrows to the eastward sufficiently to form an imaginary handle to this great shovel. But instead of holding fire, it carries the beautiful river known as the San Luis Rey from mountain to ocean.

Pala is an Indian settlement, and is said in the Indian language to mean water-devil, and you would surely think his Nibs' is let loose, if you could see our beautiful San Luis, then swooned by the winter rains. It then becomes a raging torrent, whose roar can be heard for miles. So great is the force of water, that immense boulders are overturned, and roll over in the mad rush of waters, until they crash against a greater boulder fast anchored in the sand. Giant trees are torn from their foundations, and carried along by the relentless current. When the storm has subsided, it is dangerous to cross the river for some time on account of the shifting quicksand.

Some years ago when I was teaching the Indian school on the other side of the river, I had to keep house in the school-room on account of the river rising rapidly after I crossed it in the morning. I had dismissed the school and harness'd up 'old Doll' for my two mile homeward drive, when an Indian rode up and made me understand that I could not cross the river. It was not a very enlivening thought that I must stay alone that night up there in the plains, with no one nearer than the Indian in the village

two miles above the school. Fortunately I had taken a large box of crackers to the school in case of an emergency, supposing I could get everything but bread. I busied myself until nightfall gathering wood. The country is covered with great oaks, and I found a number of dead and broken limbs, which with the aid of a hatchet soon gave me quite a wood-pile. With what dry wood I had in the house, I commenced drying the supply I had brought in. Of course I was drenched. If you want to know what fun it is to dry your clothes without removing them, just try it; it beats a Turkish bath all to pieces, as far as hot steam goes.

After a while I wearied of these diversions and then it began to get lonesome. I watched the clock and the fire, and wondered why the former went so slowly, and the latter burned out so fast. I had just climbed on the desk to get a better view of the time, when the door was suddenly opened, and there stood an Indian man.

I was so glad to see some one that I forgot to be afraid, and was down from that desk in a second, shaking hands with my unknown visitor. He made me understand that he had seen the light that shone

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bains, and grand scenery that some of the cousins write about seem very vague. Every day I am very busy. I am one of those creatures who are everywhere, and who according to some folks are a great nuisance, but the world would miss them very much, should they disappear. Can you guess what kind of a creature it is? Although this is not a very large city, it has over 45,000 inhabitants, and is growing all the time. The United States Armory is situated here, and employs many men making guns for the government. There is a commander and company of soldiers on the grounds. Many people have declared that Springfield is one of the finest cities on the globe. There are none of the tenement house districts here, but many pretty dwellings which give it the name of "The City of Homes." The broad Connecticut flows past, and many railroads and thriving industries help to make it a business centre. Every one needs a vacation, and though I was so busy, I took a vacation among the New Hampshire hills, on the farm of my uncle in Claremont. If you want to get plenty of good fresh air and exercise, you should go there. You will surely get both, especially the exercise. The hay-field is the best field for labor, and the pitch fork is the best muscle producer that I know of. While in N. H., it was my good fortune to visit the famous Corbin Park. This park was planned by Austin Corbin, a millionaire, and after purchasing 22,000 acres from the farmers of five towns, he put into it buffalo, elk, moose, wild swine, deer, etc., thus making it a great breeding-place for the animals that are fast being exterminated by the progress of civilization. The buffaloes were especially interesting, as they are the only herd seen one in the country.

WILL RAY, Springfield, Mass."

I think I have found a subject of general interest, and one worthy of the best thought of all the cousins. Well, what is it? Simply this—*Gossip*. George Elliot says that gossip is a kind of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it; it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker. Very true! Gossip in most any form is bad. We are all prone to indulge in it, and often we do not stop to think what the consequences may be. If those people, gossips, spent as much time and vital force in acquiring useful and ornamental knowledge as they spend in gaining information concerning people's trivial personal matters, it is astonishing how immensely wise and learned they would soon become. Why is it that so many people delight in gossiping? Is it a sign of superiority or empty head? I am inclined to think that it is an indication of a small and empty mind. What people talk about is, in a certain sense, a test of their education and character. High-bred, educated people talk of principles and things. Low-bred, ignorant people cannot talk about anything but the personal matters of other individuals. A craving desire to gain information concerning the affairs of other people is a sure sign of ignorance and bad taste. Who can estimate the harm done by a thoughtless person in telling an innocent bit of gossip? It is like the tiny stream away up in the mountain, but as it gushed its downward way and is strengthened by other streams, it soon becomes a mighty, roaring thing of dread and fear.

So with the innocent bit of gossip! Oh! let us be careful not to start any on its perilous journey through a human life. What earthly good does it do a person to know all the private matters of another? Does it make them happier, wiser, richer? Does it make the gossips' friends respect him or her the more? I think not? Why take delight in hearing suspicions of a fellow being? Are we above reproach? Why not think the best of everybody until they have proven themselves the opposite; and even then can we afford to throw mud?

"Look at the roses saluting each other,  
Man, and man only makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.  
Is it worth while that we jostle a brother,  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other,  
In the blackness of heart? That we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife."

Cousins, let us remember Jas. 3: 5-8.  
'Oh could there in this world be found,  
Some little spot of happy ground,  
Without the village tattling,  
How doubly blest that spot would be,  
Where all might dwell in liberty,  
Free from the bitter misery,  
Of gossip's endless prattling!  
Oh that the mischief making crew,  
Were all reduced to one or two,  
And they were painted red or blue,  
That every one might know them!'

L. R. MCLEOD, Penn Yan, N. Y."

"I am an Oregon school teacher 19 years of age, When the last number of COMFORT arrived, I at once seated myself in a comfortable position and turned to the 'Chats' corner, to read the interesting things always to be found there. Southwestern Oregon has but little scenery, unless forests stretching away for miles can be said to be that. Coo's county exports consist principally of lumber, coal, fish and fruit. In the fall the salmon ascend the smaller streams for the purpose of depositing their eggs. This is when the small boy has his picnic. Armed with a spear, with trousers rolled up to the knees, he will wade along the stream for miles spearing each unlucky fish that happens to come in his way. Of course mishaps, such as slipping into a hole in the bed of the river, or falling on the slippery rocks are of frequent occurrence, but they only add zest to the sport. I was much amused at Oblivion's graphic description of the scenes of her childhood. Oh what memories come surging through our minds at the mere mention of some childhood escapade! How well I remember the time when my younger brother and I tried to ride the long-suffering old dog across the foot-log by which a small stream was crossed. And how, when about halfway across, he saw a squirrel on the other



end and leaped from under us, with results which may be better imagined than described. And also one evening when the moon was just rising over the hill, and the frogs were making music in the neighboring swamp, we were startled by hearing an awful shriek from the woods near by, which our childish minds were sure could be made only by a panther, or some other wild beast. But how disappointed we were when told that we had made our first acquaintance with a screech-owl!

F. W. BARKER, Fairview, Ore."

"In some of the recent numbers of COMFORT, I notice inquiries regarding the whereabouts of some of the more ancient contributors to your department, accompanied with the intimation that they come forward to the footlights and show themselves. So here I am, cousins, to report that Pedagogue is still alive — thank the good Lord! — and is still an interested reader of 'Chats.' And now, Auntie, as there seems to be no special subjects up before the cousins, on which I care to write, perhaps a brief description of

our cyclone last June would be as interesting as anything. It was on the 15th day of the month which was a hot and sultry one with a southern breeze. Sometime before noon a storm-cloud began to gather along the whole extent of the northern horizon. It came up slowly, as heavy storms usually do, against the prevailing winds, and developed into unusual blackness, while the lightning played over the dark masses of cloud incessantly. As the storm advanced, the mutterings of thunder reached our ears, developing into a steady roar as the black masses of clouds rose higher towards the zenith. About 5 o'clock, the advance of the storm struck us, with some furious blasts of wind and rattling hail and rain, while a few miles to the northwest we could see it falling in sheets and torrents. But now as I looked to the northwest, I saw that the huge white wind-cloud that preceded the main storm as a vanguard, was in a great commotion, and some parts of it that had already passed over came rushing back to join in the great turmoil. How closely we watched that surging mass of clouds as it came nearer and nearer to us, before we could ascertain that it was really an awful cyclone! But fearing it, the women and children at my boarding-place fled to the cellars for safety, while the masculine portion of the family were intently watching. Finally we could see the whole form of the monster distinctly outlined. The storm-cloud in the background was black, and the body of the cyclone was of such intense inky blackness as to render it clearly visible. Its roaring was like that of a heavy train of cars, and it looked much like a huge black serpent walking uprightly (as tradition says the serpent did walk before God cursed him in Eden), its head among the clouds, while its tail was lashing and scourging the ground. And so it passed on to the northeast and disappeared from view. The rain now poured in torrents, night came on and I knew not until the next day that our terrible visitor had sacrificed a score of lives, and maimed and wounded more than a hundred more, while the destruction of houses and barns in its pathway had been terrible. The next day I went to the village on a tour of inspection. The first person I met on the street was a Norwegian boy—one of my pupils about 12 years old. His face was scarred and badly swollen, and his arm in a sling. "Why Halver," I said, "what is the matter; have you been fighting?" "No," he said, in broken English, "the cyclone catch me!" And I learned that the house in which he lived had been swept away like chaff, and scattered in pieces over the prairie. In company with others I went over a part of the monster's track. And the sight was enough to make an angel weep. A few dead bodies here and there—and the wonder is that there were not more—at the houses of friends awaiting burial, others with broken limbs or bruised bodies waiting for the surgeon's care. And only piles of broken ruins in the place of fine houses and barns and groves. To give some idea of its immense force I will say that in front of one of the houses was a dozen or more of large cotton-wood trees about three feet in diameter. Some of these trees were pulled up bodily from the ground with tons of earth attached to the roots, while the remainder were twisted off at the trunks as easy as a boy would twist off a small twig.

J. S. FULLER."

"I was born and live in old, historic Germantown. It is a suburb of Philadelphia, and is noted as the scene where the battle of Germantown was fought on Oct. 4, 1777. The Wingohocken Creek is on the east side of the town, and the romantic Wissahickon with its huge rocks and trees and a beautiful five-mile shaded drive on the west side. The 'Rock House,' the cellar of which is hewn out of one large solid rock, built in 1689 is on the banks of the Wingohocken. William Penn preached both in this house and on the large flat rock on the west side of it to the people in the meadows below. My grandfather, William Moore, occupied it for several years. There are several other old historic buildings in the town, among them 'Whynot,' belonging to the Haines estate, used as a hospital during the Revolutionary War, and for the reception of Lafayette when on a visit here in 1824; the old Morris building where Gen. Washington spent part of the time while President Friends' Meeting-House, Concord School-House, 'Cirden'—the house where the English soldiers got during the battle—the Duncan Meeting-House, and several others. The one I live in was a hotel during the Revolution, known as the 'King of Prussia,' but since about 1850 it has been a private residence, known as 'Mapleshade.' It is a large old double-front stone building with about an acre of ground around it, brass knocker, cur-roof. In one large old-fashioned fire-place is a swinging iron crane 3 1/2 feet high and 4 feet swing for hanging a large pot over the log fire. The cellar is divided into three apartments, one of which leads into a cave, and the cave into a well, which has a pump in the yard. All these old things are now of course out of use.

#### WORLD'S FAIR FACTS.

The man who is to sell pop corn at the World's Fair has paid \$60,000 for the privilege.

Applications have been made for space in the Manufacturers Building of the World's Fair for more than five times the room in the building.

The American Indian is to be given considerable space in the World's Fair, and his progress since the time of Columbus is to be fully illustrated.

Two thousand Japanese are to be sent by their government to visit the World's Fair and afterward to visit the principal cities of the new world.

The general color of the World's Fair buildings is a pale ivory. In some of the buildings there will be some modification of this however. The effect will be beautiful and brilliant.

The privilege of selling peanuts at the World's Fair in Chicago has been sold for seventy per cent of the gross receipts. It is estimated that the receipts will be nearly or quite a quarter of a million of dollars.

#### HE STRUCK IT RICH.

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will give you free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for 60 days.

**CONFORT** for one year.

## HIS LAST FRIEND.

By HENRY B. MCKNIGHT.

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"We'll never forget the friends we've lost,  
Ta ta ta ta, ta ta."

The quaint droning melody and the hopeless song that never got beyond the first line told that "Old Wade" was in town. On a high stool before an all-night lunch counter was little old man, ragged and dirty, whose leather-like face was seamed and furrowed by the elements.

In the year 1885 Coloradotown vaunted its absolute prohibition. But the druggists did a good business, nevertheless, and old Wade was a regular customer. He would come into town early in the day, buy his bottle of gin and after taking a dip of the cheap liquor, sit in front of the blacksmith shop or feed store to meditate and smoke. At intervals he would vanish into an alleyway to reappear in a few minutes with a bland smile on his face but as silent as before.

There were often such long intervals between the old man's relaxations, and he was so harmless and so well known that he was allowed to make a night of it. The streets were very quiet after 10 o'clock, and few besides the reporters who patronized the all-night lunch stand, ever saw Old Wade in the height of his exuberance.

After midnight the oft-repeated song became less and less distinct until it gradually died away. Finally the singer, leaving his lunch unfinished, would slide from his stool and start for home.

Beside the door, waiting without food or drink, was the only friend he had not lost. Sometimes Old Wade would try to cut this old friend and start for home without a word. Then "Billy" the donkey would weekly follow, sure of being called upon for support before many miles were covered.

At other times the master would climb upon the back of the little long-eared beast and at once fall asleep. Billy would steal down from the silent town, and carefully finding the river, follow the narrow trail across the foot-hills to the mountains. Old Wade would roll from side to side, but keep his seat, mumble in his clouded dreams that he would "ne'er forget" in spite of his drowsiness.

As the two old friends entered the deep canon leading up into the mountains, the darkness, relieved before by the stars, would become heavy and oppressive. The trees and high walls of rock in many places shut off all view of the sky, and the sharp turns of the canon made it seem like a well from which there was no escape. A mountain stream so noisy that it drowned all other sounds increased the weird solitude.

With one long donkey ear cocked forward and the other laid back, Billy cautiously picked his way over the stones of the rough trail. Every foot of it was familiar to him. It wound back and forth across the creek, always ascending.

The sure-footed burro never stopped or hesitated but plodded steadily on. Even in the darkness he remembered to turn out in time to avoid a big boulder that had fallen from the hills above.

A rustic gate prevented further progress. Billy stopped, waking his rider, who sleepily slid to the ground, opened the gate, and found himself at home.

For years Old Wade made that perilous journey, in rain and in snow, in black darkness and in deceptive moonlight, but the rugged little beast that carried him never once stumbled or strayed from the way.

Over a thousand feet above Coloradotown, the wild canon spread out into a miniature valley. Here old Wade had pre-empted a quarter-section. His cabin, which was supposed to fulfill the requirements of the law, was half a dug-out and half of logs. He had fenced off a few acres of land and planted potatoes and such garden-truck as would grow at the altitude.

This was more out of respect to the land office than for any money there might be in the produce. The make-believe farming served its purpose and Old Wade had obtained a government patent to his land.

In the winter he hunted bears and deer and in the summer he got an occasional job guiding camping parties into the woods and "packing" on Billy their provisions and tents.

Yet the old man, so few were his wants, seemed independent and happy and the years brought no change in his appearance or habits.

There is a saying among the mountaineers of the Rockies, that a "burro" never dies. A burro—which is a Mexican donkey—will live where a horse would starve.

There is one thing that nature has not provided against, even for the burro, and that is old age. Billy, the one friend his master had not lost, was weighed down with years. From a glossy black his coat had changed to a rusty brown, his head was gray and grizzled and his teeth were almost useless. He struggled heroically to retain his strength and crooked the scanty grass near the creek which seemed less tough and wiry than that growing on the dry land.

It was no use.

One day, when wading into the creek to drink, his weak knees trembled and gave way. He fell in the icy water and could not rise.

It was several days after Billy had found his last resting place in the bed of the creek that Wade preparing for a trip to town, came upon his dead body. Sitting down upon the bank the old man buried his fingers in his straggling gray hair and gave himself up to his grief.

He had lost his last friend.

For the first time he felt the desolation and loneliness of the wild canon.

Broken in spirit, grown older and more bent, he started alone on his tramp to town. He had not the heart to drag his dead friend from the water or to make another visit to his cabin. It was only a lean old burro that he had lost but its death filled him with grief and loneliness. In rags and without a penny in his pocket he blindly resolved never to return to his mountain home. He was almost ashamed to go into town and when he walked up the street he felt as if every one were looking at him and asking what he had done with Billy.

Old Wade clung doggedly to his purpose never to return. He would sell his claim and live with other men away from the dreary loneliness of the canon. The sale was easy, for a land dealer had long wanted the place.

With \$400 in his ragged pocket Old Wade sat once more by the blacksmith shop and smoked in the eternal sunshine. Twice he started for the drug-store, but a strange superstition held him back. The death of the donkey seemed to him a warning of his own end. With death so close to him, he did not dare to drink.

In the evening when the blacksmith, Dan Hatch, went to his boarding house Old Wade went too and was given a room and a place at the table with the others. Midnight found him again before the lunch counter on his accustomed stool. But in his sober senses the place seemed cheap and miserable. He did not go there afterwards.

He was like a man burdened with a thought from which he could not escape. He tried to tinker round the blacksmith shop and sometimes he would lend a hand at the feed-store but such occupations grew irksome for he found no comradeship, no friends.

One day he passed the school-house while the children were at play and stood watching them with a strange flush on his weatherbeaten face. But his clothes were old and torn and he looked to the boys such a queer little man that they laughed in his face.

Wade knew why they laughed and turned away sadly, but the next day in an entire new suit he applied to the janitor for work. He did not care for pay but said that he wanted something to do and to be near the children.

Then the old man found friends. The school children took him into their hearts. They were sorry that he looked so troubled but they did not ask him what his trouble was. They asked him where his

children were and he promised to tell them but put it off from day to day.

It was a month after Old Wade became assistant janitor of the Coloradotown school that the children awoke to find the dark mountains covered with snow. That day their gentle old friend did not come to school. He did not come the next day either and the people at his boarding house said he had disappeared.

In former days that would have been the end of it. It was only Old Wade. But now for the sake of the children who loved him, a searching party was sent out. As if by instinct they found the tracks leading to the mouth of the canon and followed them to the gorge widened and became a rock-bound valley.

Old Wade lay dying in the cabin that he had sold. He did not recognize Dan the blacksmith or the other searchers. He did not know that he himself was a trespasser. He had forgotten the long walk through the newly fallen snow.

"We'll never forget the friends we've lost," he moaned drearily. Then the sunlight seemed to break through the snowclouds and he murmured, "Pretty dears, daddy's coming, are ye glad to see him?"

So Wade's heart broke, and he died.

The children helped bury him in the baron cemetery on the mesa and they buried with him the mysterious story of his past all unknown except for the sad key-note given by his one song.

## Women as "Newspaper Men."

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, the first woman to do regular work as a salaried member of newspaper staff, appeared in Boston, but the innovation was adopted slowly and for years after, the "newspaper man" was, to the outer world, the representative journalist. The "reporter's room" of the old newspaper office was a long, dirty room with desks along the sides, and there everybody not on the editorial staff gathered. But when that pioneer woman had taken the first step, others were sure to follow. The following was slow at first, but steadily



WOMEN AS NEWSPAPER MEN.

the ranks grew until to-day there is not a paper of any importance that does not employ women, either on its editorial or reportorial staff. Formerly the woman's work in journalism was restricted to paragraphs on fashion or cookery. To-day she writes editorials on music, literature, art and the drama and in all these directions her opinions are sought and quoted. One of the cleverest managing editors in Boston considers that he adds to the spicy and interesting quality of his paper by getting "A Woman's Point of View" on every conceivable subject, from military encampment to a hearing before the Rapid Transit Commissioners.

It is obvious, therefore, that the woman who wishes to adopt journalism as a profession should not undertake it lightly. That is, of course, if she has the ambition that every one who takes life seriously should have. In the first place, she must have a good education. She must be able to think quickly and express her thoughts in graceful, well-chosen language. Does some one object that newspaper English is notoriously bad? Ah, but the people who use bad English never get beyond the lowest steps of the ladder and do only the least interesting and important work. Is a distinguished woman to be interviewed? Will not the person who is known to have a ready wit and a talent for expression be the one selected for the pleasant task? In no occupation in life are brightness, originality and tact more important or more appreciated. She who can take a commonplace subject and treat it in such a way that it becomes full of interest, who makes the tame and hackneyed topics of the day instinct with the new life of her own keen observation, is the person who is valued by her editor and envied by her coworkers. No education is too broad to be useful. The dullest subject may be illuminated by an apt quotation or comparison. Indeed, there is no profession in which a wide acquaintance with good literature is more valuable than the journalistic.

From what has just been said it is easy to infer that the successful newspaper woman is refined, educated, tactful and energetic. The flippant girl who sees in every man only a possible admirer, will never be a success in journalism. The ultra-conventional woman who looks severely at a reporter lounging in shirt-sleeves on a summer day, and shows her contempt for a pipe, is not apt to be a success in journalism. Self-reliance, self-respect, self-possession are three essentials to successful newspaper work. Add

their neat closet for wraps and often toilet facilities. They can have their mirror by which to arrange the hair or dress and have, in short, all necessary comfort. So that, on the whole, the woman who is a capable and efficient journalist needs not to envy many people, for life brings her much pleasure as duty and many advantages in the desirable guise of business.

## A Case of True Courage.

## WILL BRAVERY BE REWARDED?

There comes an account of a brave fireman who alone stopped a runaway train when brakemen and engineer jumped for their lives. It is with pleasure that we chronicle the following:

Through freight on the Central Railroad of New Jersey broke from control Tuesday night between Penobscot and Coalport during a violent storm and dashed down the mountain side at a frightful rate of speed.

A heavy grade begins at Penobscot and continues for 50 miles to Coalport.

Slowly the train started down, the engineer, on account of the extra long train and being behind time, delaying to whistle down brakes until the cars had gathered considerable headway.

Huddled in the caboose, the brakemen anxiously awaited the summons, and when the shrill whistle sounded, each sprang for his post, but the hurricane and the slippery condition of the cars compelled them to crawl on hands and knees, clinging to the sides of the wall to hold themselves on.

The train was gaining impetus as each telegraph post was passed, and the heavy load added to the heavy grade, sent the cars along at such a speed that the brakemen found it impossible to check its progress, for the wheels, even when held by the brakes, slipped over the wet rails.

Almost before they realized it twenty miles had been passed and the train was rushing along at the rate of seventy miles an hour. Thirty miles away, in the yards at Coalport station, they were to switch to allow a passenger train to go by.

Every minute the train was gaining speed and seeing nothing but death before them if they stayed on, they risked their lives by jumping. The engineer, too, unable to put on the breaks, gave the word to fireman Jim Collins and sprang to the ground.

But Collins resolved to stop the train or die in the attempt. He first reversed the engine and opened the sand chest. Then, climbing on his hands and knees over the tender, he crawled over the cars one by one as fast as he could, putting on the brakes. Just as he distinguished the lights of Coalport in the distance, he felt the train slacken its speed and, turning one more brake he fell in faint on the top of a car.

Gradually the train slowed down but did not stop until it had run to Tannery, two miles past Coalport. There some yard hands, seeing something was wrong, leaped aboard and stopped the engine.

Collins was lowered to the ground and revived. He is still affected by his terrible experience, but is consoled by the thought that his heroic act saved scores of lives.

## An Australian Danger.

A USTRALIA appears to newcomers the strangest country under the sun. Its native animals are strange and unlike those in any other part of the known world. There only does the Kangaroo live, that mighty jumper the female of which carries its young after birth and until developed in a sack provided by nature for that purpose. There the birds do not sing; but some of them have discordant and horrible notes. The "bush" as it is called, or wild part of Australia is unlike the virgin wilds of America or the dense jungles of India. It is a mixture of forest and underbrush; but occasionally there are charming meadows filled with bright flowers and little groups of gigantic trees. There are many plants in the bush which if they touch one with their thorns poison to death, or flowers which must not be touched to lip or nose lest they, too, poison and destroy. There are many poisonous or deadly serpents; but there is one of a peculiar kind and it is of an adventure with one of these that I am now about to tell. Fortunately, this serpent is a very rare one, and a large reward offered for a live specimen by a gentleman who witnessed the following failed to produce one:

A party had been hunting kangaroos and after killing a few they had gone into camp for the night. Near by were several large trees and in these the native guides found signs of some small animal like an opossum. They caught one for supper and in the morning early they renewed the hunt and found dozens of them. A man would climb a tree, find a hole and nest and thrusting in his hand would draw out the little animal and strike it against the tree trunk until it died. The white men would have been glad to stop this sport, for it seemed to them like slaughter; but the natives could neither be induced to look upon it as cruelty or to stop it for any other reason. Suddenly, though, one of the blacks uttered shrill cries of terror and pain. The whites did not understand his language; but they knew well enough that he was in trouble, for he was reeling and moaning in agony, with something about his head which looked like a black turban.

"What is it? What is it?" asked one; but no one replied. Then another of the guides drew his knife, and inserting it between the man's head and the black band cut this open its entire length. The hor-

rible thing had fallen upon the man's head and fastening itself there was slowly sucking away his blood.

The man's tortured features and wounded forehead were then revealed. On his face were six large wounds from which the blood flowed freely. A real bandage was immediately applied, the remedies known to the blacks were given, and the man recovered. Had not his fellow guide known so well what to do and that it was necessary to act at once

he could not have been saved.

Australia is surely a strange and marvelous country.

Derma-Royale is the new discovery for dissolving and removing discolorations from the cuticle, and bleaching and brightening the complexion. The proprietors, the Derma-Royale Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, agree to forfeit \$500 cash, for any case of moth patches, brown spots, liver spots, blackheads, ugly or muddy skin, unnatural redness, freckles, tan, or any other cutaneous discoloration (excepting birth-marks, scars, and those of a scrofulous or kindred nature), that Derma-Royale will not quickly remove and cure. It is perfectly harmless and will be sent anywhere for \$1.00 per bottle. Agents are wanted.

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To the first 20 who mention COMFORT and ask for free plot of our \$150 lots on \$1 monthly payments in GRIFFITH, Chicago's coming factory Suburb we will send a receipt for \$10, good on any lots hereafter bought of us; to the next 10 a free World's Fair SOUVENIR half dollar. Try it! JAY DWIGGINS & CO., 409 Chamber of Commerce, Chicago.

In Every Town Fortune Tellers are coining money. You can do it too if you have my complete instructor which I send postpaid for 10 cents. Address SIBYL, Box 182, Augusta, Me.

CUT THIS OUT and send with your name and express office address, and I will send you free to examine and wear, a SOLID GOLD finished watch that you can sell for \$38.00. If it suits, you send \$6.48; if not, return to me. Mention whether Ladies' or Gent's size is desired. Address your order at once to W. S. SIMPOV, 27 Colless Place, New York.

LADY AGENTS WANTED \$75 A MONTH AND EXPENSES. A quick-selling article. Address RICH MEDICAL CO., EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

FREE Trial of Dr. JUDD's Electric Belts and Batteries Combined. Sent to any one on trial free. Costs nothing to try them. Will cure you. Give size. Agents wanted.

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AUTOMATIC SHELL EXTRACTOR DOUBLE-ACTION HILL He Pays the Express. on this American made Revolver. Full Nickel Plated. Rubber Stock. 32 or 33 caliber. Five shot. \$4.75 N.Y. \$15.00. 3 in. long, rifle barrel 3/4 in. long fluted cylinder. Low curved hammer, which prevents accidental discharge. Weight 16 oz. Cut this out and send with order and we will ship by express C.O.D. If on examination you find it as represented pay agt. \$4.75 we paving all charges. W. HILL & CO., 207 State St., Chicago. Please mention COMFORT when you write.

JUST ONE CENT

will bring you a handsome copy of the NEW SCIENCE OF MEDICINE that any man or woman, well or sick, can understand and apply. No Patent Medicine Humbug. A new and startling discovery. Write the moment you see this to the DRUGGISTS ACADEMY OF MEDICINE, PART IV, 86 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

WONDERFUL WALKING DOLLS.



A MARVELOUS MECHANICAL CURIOSITY has lately been invented in the doll line. There are no springs to wound or other encumbering contrivances to get out of order. A simple scientific appliance. They walk naturally and alone as if by some hidden force. Not only are children delighted, but even the happy boy and girlhood days are brought back to the older ones who shake their sides and simply roar to see the Great Races of Races as these dolls representing the various male and female characters of different nations are started across the room or table. The life-like manner in which they seem to run past each other in the mad haste to win, or marching single file, tripping each other up or executing other comical feats. The contrast of the different colored jackets or suits, while the Soldier, Chinaman, Negro or Little Dollie herself speeds along, adds much to the novelty and enjoyment of the whole family of lookers on. We have secured the right to introduce this wonderful family to the millions all over the Union. To do so quickly and relying on future large sales for our profit, we will send one FREE all charges paid, to anyone sending 25 cents for a 6 months subscription or renewal to our beautiful magazine. Any kind of dolls always please the children but Genuine Walking Dolls are a joy forever. Address PUBLISHERS OF COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A year's subscription and 2 dolls 50 cents each and we send you 3 dolls all different FREE.

AN AUSTRALIAN DANGER.

to these a good education and facility in expression and any young woman so equipped may confidently enter journalism.

The presence of women in the newspaper office has caused some change in the interior arrangements. It is the impulse of men, in our country at least, to regard the comfort of women; so now the large rooms have small little rooms separate from the reporter's room, where two or three women have their desks,

rible thing had fallen upon the man's head and fastening itself there was slowly sucking away his blood. The man's tortured features and wounded forehead were then revealed. On his face were six large wounds

## COMFORT.



BY SALLIE JOY WHITE.

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I THINK I promised you last time, did I not, to tell you how to make some pretty ribbon girdles?

With Miss Littlehale to help me with her dainty pictures, I am going to keep my promise.

These girdles may be made of velvet ribbon to wear with dark dresses, or of nice gros grain ribbon for the gowns of light color and delicate material.

The first thing to do is to get a stiff whalebone or steel, such as is used for the side of corsets, and cut it about six inches in length.

Cover it smoothly with the ribbon.

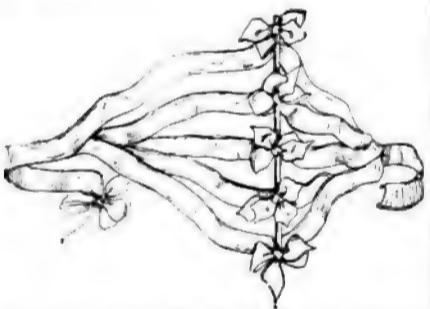
At the top and bottom fasten ribbons to go about the waist.

Then use three more ribbons for the space

between. Where the ribbons are fastened to the bone, have rosettes or butterfly bows, to cover the stitches. Fasten the girdle at the back, under a rosette without ends, or a bow with two upstanding loops, long drooping loops and ends.

This is very simple, very easily made, and at the same time it is a beautiful finish for dress. If you like you may have a band of the same ribbon around the neck of the dress, fastened on the left side with a butterfly bow.

It is surprising how much little things of this kind add to a dress. They really change the whole appearance of it. Girls always like to have them, and it often happens they either live out of the reach of them, or cannot afford to buy them ready made. But when one knows how to make them for herself, then she is independent of city shops, and has learned a new lesson in economy.



This is the season for all sorts of social gayeties, and just the time when dainty things like these are needed.

I saw a girdle the other day, that a clever young woman had made for herself. She had taken the brass rings that are so much used for fancy work, and had covered them with black Florence silk in crochet, and sewed them together in the shape of a girdle with pointed front, but straight, like a belt in the back. It had taken time and patience, but she had accomplished the task.

Another pretty fashion, and one that is in the direct interest of economy, is the fancy for pretty, jaunty sleeveless jackets to wear with any gown. These jackets sometimes fasten at the throat, then fall away, but most of them are rounded in front, or have pointed revers. In either case they do not reach the waist line, and are straight across the back.

The most elegant and expensive of these jackets come in beaded passementerie, but those are for very elegant dresses, for very formal occasions. Very pretty ones may be made at home of velvet, silk, satin or cloth.

A young girl showed me not long since, such a pretty dress she had made for herself, out of the contents of an old trunk. Packed away for years, I don't believe the owner could tell how many had been a plaid silk dress, worn when voluminous skirts were the fashion, and one of the old time broadcloth cloaks that men used to wear a century or more ago, and that have as much material in them as is used for a woolen gown.

She had been watching all the novelties that were offered in the leading shops, for she happened to be on a visit to friends in the city while the fall openings were on, and she saw the plaid blouse I told you about last month, and she saw the pretty plaid and colored petticoats, and her thoughts flew back to Northern New York and a trunk of discarded finery in the attic.

When she went home she set to work to get a styl-

ish new winter gown. She found that in the full skirt of the old dress she had enough, by using great economy in cutting, to make a petticoat and a blouse. She could only have one ruffle on the petticoat, and that was not very wide, but she bought some black velvet ribbon, and put on to the very edge, then let the silken ruffle fall over it, and put two rows of the velvet above the ruffle. Then she made a blouse of the rest of the silk, having full silk sleeves to the elbow, with a cuff of velvet. This made a handsome finish, and no one ever discovered that it was done because the silk wouldn't quite meet the requirements. The dress skirt was cut from the black broadcloth cloak, and was in the new bell shape, with a box pleat at the back, and no seam. The skirt was finished with a hem, which had five rows of stitching around it. Out of the rest of the cloth she cut a tiny zouave jacket, which she lined with black silk and edged with a tiny drop fringe of jet. The girdle was of the cloth. It was a lovely, stylish gown, and the only new things about it were the velvet ribbon on the petticoat and the fringe on the jacket. To wear with it she bought a broad brimmed black felt hat, and trimmed it with a big bow of the plaid silk, and there was a handsome winter outfit.

Every girl isn't fortunate enough to have a trunk like that to go to, but there are usually half worn things that may be renovated. I saw a very similar thing done with the remnants of a wool plaid dress and a partially worn black Henrietta cloth.

It is just as I told you before, a quick sense of fitness, good taste, a clear brain and clever fingers, will often do more with a little money and some material at hand, than a full purse, unaccompanied by those other requisites may possibly attain.

But to come back to the jackets. It is not at all necessary that they should match the skirt of a dress, they may be simply worn as an ornament, as trimming would be worn. It takes very little material to make them, as they have no sleeves, are very short and do not come together in the front.

Another way of adding to the dress is by means of a fanciful yoke, and when this is put on, the deep cuff of the full sleeves usually matches it. The yokes come, in the city shops, made in passementerie and beads, but they can be made at home by using alternate stripes of velvet ribbon and lace insertion, or of stripes of velvet

and silk ribbon, the seams being defined by a fine feather stitching in some colored silk. Or the yoke and cuffs may be made from wheels crocheted of Florence silk and sewed together in proper shape, by means of a proper pattern, which has been fitted. Surely these yokes are as handsome as the passementerie ones, and any girl who crochets evenly may have a like yoke and set of cuffs for her best gown, to alternate with the jacket in wearing.

So many girls can have but one "best dress" that is, one that must do for all occasions where a certain formality of toilette is demanded, that great care should be taken in the selection of it. I think that either a fine wool cashmere, or a silk and wool Henrietta is the best choice. They are nice materials, and a dress of either is handsome, and above all, is just what it pretends to be. A young woman with such a gown on may have the satisfaction of knowing that she is well dressed. A plain dark color, blue, green, garnet or brown should be chosen, and when it is made she can begin to lay in her stock of jackets and girdles, and fancies to make it stylish and to give vanity to her costume.

These woolen stuffs that I have mentioned are to the young women what black silk is to the older ones. They are standard materials that are always in fashion. It makes no difference how other styles come and go, these always remain, and there is never any mistake made in buying them. That is not true of the more ascetic styles.

I wonder if you have ever noticed how very much more out of fashion some things look when they begin to be a little gone by than others do? You will find that this is true of any ultra style, anything that has seemed particularly pronounced. The moment the Fashion withdraws her seal of approval, it looks dowdy and common, if not positively vulgar. That is why I always recommend women to purchase the ladylike, refined and unobtrusive fabrics.

Another pretty fashion, and one that is in the direct interest of economy, is the fancy for pretty, jaunty sleeveless jackets to wear with any gown. These jackets sometimes fasten at the throat, then fall away, but most of them are rounded in front, or have pointed revers. In either case they do not reach the waist line, and are straight across the back.

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It is coming to be that Fashion obeys public opinion, and if every one of COMFORT's girls and women help to form public opinion in this direction, they will do a much needed work, and be comforts, indeed.

Next month I shall have something to say to the mothers, and the elder women.

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A \$65 machine, sold by us at \$11.00 to \$23.50 will be placed in your home to use, without cost of one cent to you. Cut this advt. out and send with address today to Alvah Mfg. Co., Dept. A2, Chicago, Ill.

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Perfection, Ease, Elegance. Book on Corsets Free.

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Agents Wanted.

160 Adams Street, Chicago, Ill.



BY ELIZABETH SARGENT CURTIS.

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**W**HAT is it that I hear some of you say? You don't believe economy can be made tempting?

Just wait a little before you make such an assertion, and I am sure you will change your mind,

We have gotten over our Festival, the Christmas dinner has been cooked, eaten, and let us hope well digested, and now we are starting out on a New Year of endeavor. How earnestly I hope that to every one it will be a year of happiness, a year full of achievement.

To many young couples this will be the trial year. The first year of married life, when they are becoming adapted to their new relation and are learning to know one another. Heretofore, under the glamour of courtship, they have seen each other only when they have been on their best behavior, and it has been the nicks of one another with which they have been in love.

Now comes the test. If they are sensible and have the true love which every man and woman should have who decide to make their life paths join, they will pass the ordeal safely and their affection will grow stronger with every day.

But there must be patience on both sides, mutual forbearance, a respect for each others opinions, even when they differ, and an united effort toward making home happy, and building for a future independence.

In regulating the expenses for the household, decide what sum you can use, and then see that you keep inside it. Pay for everything as you buy it, and do not be caught in the snare of grocer's or butcher's books. It may seem easy. It is too easy, that is until you come to have the bill to pay; then it will be hard enough. You have no idea how your expenses will run away with you. I learned this lesson the very first six months of my housekeeping, and I have never forgotten it. I did not repeat the experiment I assure you.

#### THE WIFE THE HOMEMAKER.

As the wife is the homemaker, and is responsible for her little kingdom, she should be allowed to manage it for herself, and without interference. The husband should place in her hands every week or every month, as his salary is paid to him, the amount they have decided after careful consideration they can use in housekeeping, with an additional sum, as much as he feels he can spare, for her own personal use, or for emergencies. As a rule, it is quite as safe in her hands as in his, particularly if she has been brought up in a thrifty household, or has earned her own money. In either case she has learned its value, and will spend it carefully. Generally speaking, where a young couple run beyond their means, it is when the newly made husband neglects to tell his wife frankly what he can afford. If he keeps her in the dark about his money affairs and treats her like a child, he has no right to complain if she behaves like one. If he is not truthful and frank how can he expect consideration?

Here is one of the phases of partnership of which I spoke in last month's "Chats." The husband is the wage earner, the wife is the one who puts the money earned to its best uses and does the most and best she can with it.

#### THE REASON WHY.

And this brings us back to that despised word "economy." The reason why this word is regarded with such contempt and dislike is because its meaning is so often perverted.

It does not imply meanness nor stinginess; it is, in domestic life, the synonym of "thrift." It means just what I said above, doing the most and the best with what you have to do with. Is there anything "despicable" in that?

I have been very much amused at the way many writers on domestic topics, who have more theory than experience, advise young couples how to live within a certain income. They make a set of rigid cast iron rules, and put them together so fancifully that on the surface they seem very sensible and attractive. But only try to live up to them, and you very soon find how impracticable they are. There can be no set rules. Markets vary so in different localities, and prices are so elastic. What is an everyday commodity in one locality, is a luxury in another. So the best advice is, keep the run of the markets about you, and adapt your purchases to your purse. But don't go in debt, unless compelled by sickness and learn that carefulness and thoughtfulness are your best helpers. And above all have confidence in each other, and help one another over the hard places.

Does all that sound like a sermon? Well, I am only talking out of my own experience, and telling COMFORT's family of women, just what I wish some one could have told me. It would have been a great help, and have smoothed many a rough place. I am sure that the majority of COMFORT's mothers will quite agree with me in what I have said.

#### "LEFT OVERS."

I believe I told you that I would give you some nice ways of making over dishes did I not? In other words I would tell you what to do with "left overs." If we were giving the French names to things we would call these dishes "rechauffées," which after all is only a disguise for "warmed over." Just what it means you see.

A great many persons affect to despise warmed over food. Well, if the warming over process is like some I know I don't wonder. There are so few persons who know how to serve a dish a second time so that it shall be appetizing. It is so palpably a makeshift that those who are to eat it lose their appetites in looking at it. But a little more care, a little more attention to detail, and what a different result.

Suppose, for instance, you had a roast of beef for dinner, and you have quite a piece left. What will you do with it? If your family like it cold, you may serve it that way for another dinner, prefacing it with a tomato or a potato soup, and having two vegetables with it. Now don't do, what I have seen some housekeepers do, put it on just as it went off the table the day before. It is too suggestive of "funeral baked meats" and your daintily economy and housewife thrifit becomes carelessness and savors too much of the "saving" endeavor.

Cut the meat into thin even slices, and arrange them neatly on a platter. If you have a little parsley, or some nasturtium or geranium leaves, you can add some for garnish, and to make your dish look prettier. By serving your meat this way you make it tempting to the appetite, and do not parade your economical processes.

But suppose you do not like to serve it cold. Here is a nice way of having it hot. Cut your meat in even slices, a trifle thicker than if you were to serve it cold, but still so it will not be thick. Have some butter, perhaps a teaspoonful melted in a saucepan, and just heat the slices in it on both sides, taking only two or three minutes for it. Then put the slices onto a hot platter, and place them where they will keep warm but not dry. If you have any gravy left, warm that over, and add to it, either a cup of stewed tomatoes, or two tablespoonsfuls of Worcestershire sauce, or if you like them, half a can of mushrooms. As soon as this is well heated pour it over the slices of meat and serve at once. If the gravy, or "sauce" as it is properly called, needs additional seasoning, such as salt or pepper, you will add it to suit the taste, before pouring it over the meat.

This is a much more satisfactory process than the usual one of warming the meat in the gravy. That tends to toughen it. No matter how tender a piece of meat may be there is no more effectual way of making it like India rubber than by letting it simmer ten minutes in its gravy.

#### NEW WAYS.

Very often old housekeepers will cavil over some of the new ways of doing things and will talk of them as "nonsensical," but that is because they have never stopped to consider the reason of things. When they do they are very likely to acquiesce gracefully in the advanced methods, and very likely to adopt them. At any event they cease opposing them and that is a long step in the right direction.

After the nice slices are cut off there are apt to be pieces that will not do to serve cold or in the way just mentioned, and yet that cannot be thrown away. There usually are, both to roast beef and beef steak, some tough bits that need special treatment. These I would advise you to make into an "Exeter Stew." You will find this both nutritious and palatable. Cut your meat into inch pieces. Take all the bits of fat, cut them very fine and fry them in a saucepan. When they are well browned and crisped, add a tablespoonful of chopped onion; into this seasoned fat, while it is hot and bubbling, stir a tablespoonful of flour, mix it well with the fat, and when it is brown add a cupful of boiling water, a tablespoonful of vinegar, as much cayenne pepper as you can take on the point of a penknife, salt to taste, and about a quarter of a saltspoonful of pepper. This makes enough sauce for a cupful of the meat dice. If you have more than that you must increase your sauce in proportion. Put the meat into this sauce, and simmer slowly for two hours. You can use raw beef for this stew, taking the tough parts of the round or shoulder. Two pounds of uncooked meat, for which you will pay seven or eight cents a pound, will make a stew sufficient for a family of five or six persons.

This receipt, which I have come to value highly, is one that is taught in the Boston Public School Cooking classes. It was there that I learned it. I happened in to School Kitchen No. 1 to see Miss Hope, the teacher, one day when she was giving it as a lesson. I was so interested that I stayed all the morning and watched the process. I had a taste of it all around—there were fifteen girls making it, each one over her own little gas stove—and I went home to make it for my family. It has been a standard dish with us ever since.

#### PUBLIC SCHOOL KITCHENS.

Some time I want to tell you more about the work of the Public School Kitchens, and I want you all to help educate public opinion so that it will demand that these kitchens be established everywhere, so that all girls may learn to be good cooks and careful housekeepers, as well as good scholars.

But to return to our "left overs."

What do you do with the bits of cold turkey that are left? If you have grown tired of always warming them over in their gravy you may vary the programme by making turkey croquettes or by making "Scalloped Turkey." I will not say anything about croquettes now as I want to talk more about them than I have time for now, so we will have that for some other time.

As for "Scalloped Turkey" it is a simple and a most delicious dish. It is so easily prepared that it should be seen on the family table oftener than it is.

Cut the meat from the bones of the turkey that was partially eaten at yesterday's dinner, remove the skin and bits of gristle, and chop the rest up very fine. Put in the bottom of a well buttered scallop dish a layer of fine cracker or dried bread crumbs; moisten slightly with milk that they may not absorb all the gravy to put in afterward; then spread quite a thick layer of the minced turkey, with bits of stuffing, pepper, salt and small pieces of butter, another layer of crumbs wet with milk, and so on until the dish is nearly full, or turkey exhausted. Before putting on the topmost layer, which must be of crumbs, pour in the gravy left from the turkey, diluted with hot water—a very little—and season with Worcestershire sauce. Have your crumbs ready, mixed with melted butter to spread over the top. There should be just enough to spread smoothly on. Bake until the crumbs are a light brown.

#### DIET KITCHENS.

One may learn a great many nice ways of doing things, as well as a great many economies by visiting the Diet Kitchens in any of the cities, where nice soups are made for sick people. These are given to poor invalids who cannot afford to buy them, or they are sold to mothers with little children, who can afford to pay for them, at a merely nominal price. These kitchens are a great boon, not only to poor people, but to a large class who help sustain them by purchasing from them some of the things they cannot take the time, or have not the opportunity to make for themselves.

In the cities there are hundreds of working women who have rooms and either cook their own meals or board. These girls find that they can buy at the Diet Kitchens cooked food, soup, bread, cold meats, at very reasonable prices, and much better than they can get at a restaurant. These kitchens are carried on by a committee of ladies of wealth, who want to do some good work in a practical way, and they believe this is the best work they can do, for they claim that nothing humanizes as much as well cooked food, made from the best of materials. And they are right too. Many a working woman has broken down for lack of the kind of food that would sustain her, and give power both to brain and muscle. It is not half so much the quantity as it is the quality of what we eat that gives us strength or develops weakness.

And so, with the Diet Kitchen as a text, I am going to tell you something about vegetable soups next time, and give you some idea of what you may do with the two simple staples, potatoes and corn. I think you will be surprised when you see how many things can be done with them, and in how many forms they may be presented.

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## COMFORT.

## A WOMAN IN THE CASE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 6.)

make a good living without going very far from home. But he had never before met a fellow like John Hill.

John knew of a mine up in the mountains where two men with good teams could make big money handling ore. He and George McCabe were just the men to make a small fortune out of the thing.

Of course Mary did not want George to go into that indefinite region called "up in the mountains," but even she saw that Mr. Hill had large honest-looking eyes and at last she gave a reluctant consent.

The two teamsters each with a four-horse mountain wagon, early on a September morning, started on the trip up the Arkansas river. They jogged along in the stolid way that teamsters do and only spoke when they halted at noon to feed their animals.

At dark John Hill stopped by the bank of a lonely creek where they went into camp. They cooked and ate a scanty supper and then each turned in to sleep in his own wagon.

But John's large eyes were wide awake and after an hour's waiting he crawled to the other wagon and listened. With his revolver in his hand he climbed silently upon the wagon seat.

McCabe was shot while asleep in his wagon and died with scarcely a struggle. The next day John Hill sold a four-horse team in Canon City and dispatched a forged letter from her husband, to Mary McCabe.

Then John walked back to where his own team was left and driving through the town at night, pushed on, not for the mountains, but for Denver.

The letter that was to have allayed Mary McCabe's anxiety instead of serving that end, brought her to Canon City on the day after it was received.

Some strange presentiment told her that all was not right with George. When she found that John Hill had sold her husband's team, she aroused the townspeople to search for the body of the murdered man. It was a sad search, for the body was found in a dry arroyo by the creek, partially covered with stones.

The woman was frantic with a weight of grief that the men of the place solemnly swore they would avenge. As for John Hill, he was arrested the minute he reached Denver.

At that time I was criminal reporter for a Denver paper and happened to witness the arrest, which at once awakened my deepest interest.

The sheriff started for Canon City with his prisoner but on the way he learned that an armed mob was waiting to lynch the murderer without trial or delay. So the prisoner was brought back and locked in the jail at Denver for safekeeping.

Little by little the facts were gathered and "patched" together. A bullet hole in the bottom of the wagon showed how the murder had been done.

On Sunday afternoon with a built-up theory of the crime I went to the jail for an interview with the man charged with its commission. The sheriff took me to the cell where John had been confined and reporter and murderer were locked up together.

John accepted my proffered cigar with quiet politeness and we smoked awhile in silence. Then we talked over his past life. It was a puzzle to me. He had proved himself trustworthy in the most trying situations. At the Gondola he had held sacred the lives of the miners and the property of the owners. He had even spared the confiding deputy marshal and let thousands of dollars slip through his fingers. And yet in spite of all this he had committed two and perhaps three cold-blooded murders without any apparent reason.

We talked for an hour as coolly and pleasantly as old friends, but without his giving me any information.

"Hill," I said, looking him steadily in the eye, "let me tell you a story. A man whose name is John Hill, alias One-armed John, alias Big John, alias John —, was a stage driver on the route between Laramie and Cheyenne. A trunk was lost and as it happened to contain a little money, the driver disappeared and went to Black Forks."

Then I told him the story that I have told here, partly from information received from the officers and partly from my own imagination. As I talked with assurance, giving detail after detail, I felt moved by some strange spell.

It was as if the prisoner's memory was working in my own mind. I never doubted that I told the truth and when I came to the time when One-armed John left the mountain, I filled in the story of the Swede's murder with absolute confidence.

I could see the two men leave the four gray horses and walk back to look for the pocket-book one of them said he had lost. They stood for an instant by the edge of a dizzy precipice.

Then with scarcely a struggle the Swede fell headlong over the cliff.

It was the greatest mental strain I ever experienced and yet the prisoner beside me sat calm and unmoved. Not the twitching of an eyelid betrayed excitement.

For weeks Big John was held in Denver and then in the night he was smuggled into Canon City jail. I went down on the same train, for I knew the temper of the people and felt certain that there would be trouble.

John thought so too, and as we walked together he told me what I had never known before, the fact that an aged mother lived in Iowa and was at that time on her way to Denver.

"I may not come out of this alive," he said, handing me a sealed envelope, "and if I don't you will find that the story of my life. For the sake of your own mother protect my secret while my mother lives. She will never believe me guilty."

The news of the prisoner's arrival gradually spread through the town. The people still swore vengeance for the murder of McCabe. Twice a mob, armed with firearms, ropes and pieces of railroad iron, attacked the jail, only to be driven off by the plucky sheriff.

The sheriff lived in a part of the jail building and his wife was very sick. About 4 o'clock in the morning a man knocked quietly and in the doctor's voice asked for admittance.

That man was not the doctor, but one of a band of masked vigilantes who bound and gagged the sheriff and forced his ten year old son, at the point of a revolver, to open the jail lock.

Big John had broken up his bedstead and was prepared to resist. He did resist but was shot in the shoulder, handcuffed with his hands behind his back

and led out into the night with a rope around his neck.

Twice he was hauled up on a telegraph pole and twice lowered and asked to confess.

No word did he utter.

The third time he was hauled clear of the ground and the rope was tied.

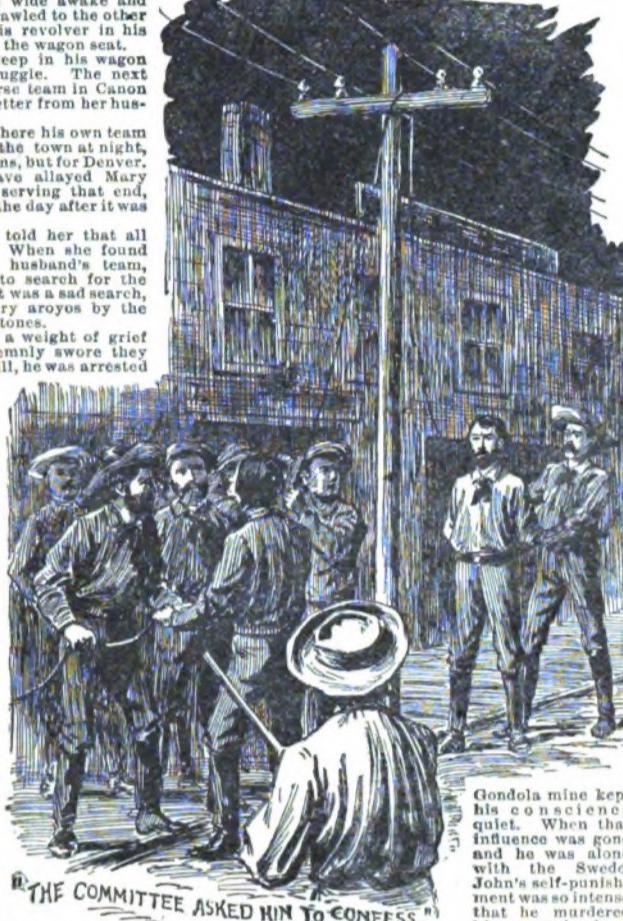
There hanging dead, the townspeople found him when daylight came.

The confession which he would not for his mother's sake give to those angry men, lies before me now. It is the same story I told under that strange spell when locked with him into the same cell. It is entitled "A Victim of Conscience."

He had been driven from his mother's home in Iowa by an overbearing stepfather. The injustice of one man became the injustice of the world and upon the world he determined to be revenged.

He felt that he had killed the cowardly White with good reason but his miserable conscience tortured him, nevertheless, when he wandered over the prairies with a broken arm.

The work, responsibility and excitement at the



pure hatred of the race.

Mrs. Sarah Alice Worthington went peacefully to her grave, mourning her martyred son.

And I, as I read his pitiful story, think that perhaps, after all, he was a martyr. Not to his conscience, not to the wild life of those frontier days, but to the injustice of that early wrong which embittered his whole life.

## ODDITIES.

Of all the many million people on the earth no two have ears alike.

There has been discovered in Oregon the site of an ancient city.

"A snail's pace" is found by actual measurement to be one mile in fourteen days.

John Merryweather Tinsley, a colored man who died recently in Toronto, was said to have been 109 years old.

In San Francisco has been discovered an animal which is half deer and half goat. He looks like a deer; but he has the marvelous digestion of a goat.

A man got into a quagmire in Oregon the other day and for three days he slowly sank. When discovered and rescued only his head remained above the surface.

Experiments in illumination under water have been made at Toulon in France. An electric lamp was lowered and sea-bed and the water were lighted up to a distance of more than a hundred feet.

A miser in Kingston, N. Y., kept his money in his room having no faith in banks. Recently he discovered that mice had eaten his horde of \$7,000. There was not a piece left big enough for identification.

In Virginia there is well in which strange faces and forms appear upon the surface of the water in its depths. There has been no satisfactory explanation of the phenomenon, and those who have seen the faces think them ghostly and uncanny.

In Yucatan mosquitoes were unknown until they were introduced by American vessels and railways. Now it is said that the mosquitoes there have developed until they are of enormous size, and that their bite is as painful as the sting of a bee.

There is a man living in Ohio who has let his hair grow until it is so long that he can completely cover his face with it. He wears it over his face most of the time and his eyes are nearly useless they have been so long excluded from the light.

The word ostracism comes from the same root as the word oyster, and means "shell." The Greeks used to ostracize, or banish, persons suspected of political crimes, by taking a vote, each citizen writing the name of the person on the inside of a shell, which he "voted." If six thousand were counted up, the distrusted person had to leave the State for ten years, unless sooner recalled.

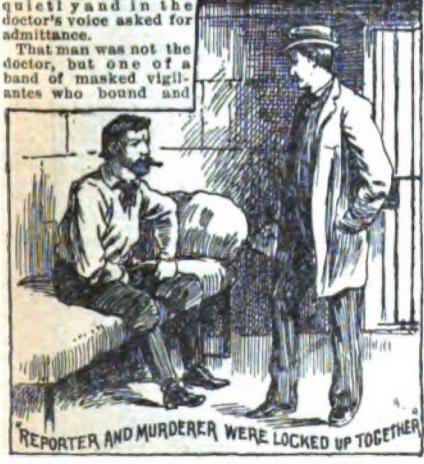
## THE WARNING NOTE.

The heroic endeavors of the medical profession saved many of those who were stricken with La Grippe, but in most of those cases the saving of life was but to prolong the misery, for it is well known that wherever the monster sets its seal, it is sure to leave unfavorable results, but in the past record of the distemper it has been proven that that little plain, simple tablet called OXIEON, had a large sized mission to perform in this one particular, and how well it did its duty is attested by the numerous letters received from our grateful friends. OXIEON probably did more to ward off La Grippe, lessen the suffering, and effect a complete cure than any or all of the advertised remedies.

The dreaded disease takes a ready hold of the system unprepared to withstand its ravages and it is a duty you all owe to your friends and relatives, to be fortified upon the arrival of the first symptoms. How shall we do this?

Keep a supply of the food on hand. When you feel a slight cold coming on, look out, it is the warning note. The sneezing, hacking, and coughing is the messenger of warning sent you. Commence taking the tablets as directed and you will note with pleasure the results. No great bottle of medicine to dose from. A supply for the day can be carried in the vest pocket. The busy man's companion and friend. Pleasant, Effective, Inexpensive.

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**From Maine to California.**

MAINE, Norway P. O.—Enclosed find five dollars for which send me Oxie. I can praise it highly. A. T. Crocker.

VERMONT, Pawlet, Rutland Co.—I cannot say too much in praise of Oxie. It cured my 76-year-old father of rheumatism.—Mrs. Geo. E. Towslee.

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LOUISIANA, Lehmann.—God bless Oxie. It cured my wife, for whom doctors could do nothing.—B. H. Green.

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NORTH CAROLINA, Leggett.—Oxie has done me more good than any doctor's medicine I ever tried.—Caroline H. Hedgepath.

ALABAMA, Chunchula.—Oxie is worth its weight in gold, and I would not be without it.—O. P. Ingrossell.

FLORIDA, St. Augustine.—For years I was a great sufferer from nervous prostration, but now I am well and strong again, and all to whom I give this Wonderful Food for the Nerves experience the same improvement.—Mrs. Ellen E. S. Phillips.

OHIO, Sharon Centre.—For a long time my husband had fits. Doctors could do nothing. Since he has used Oxie he has had no sign of his old trouble.—Mrs. John Houghlan.

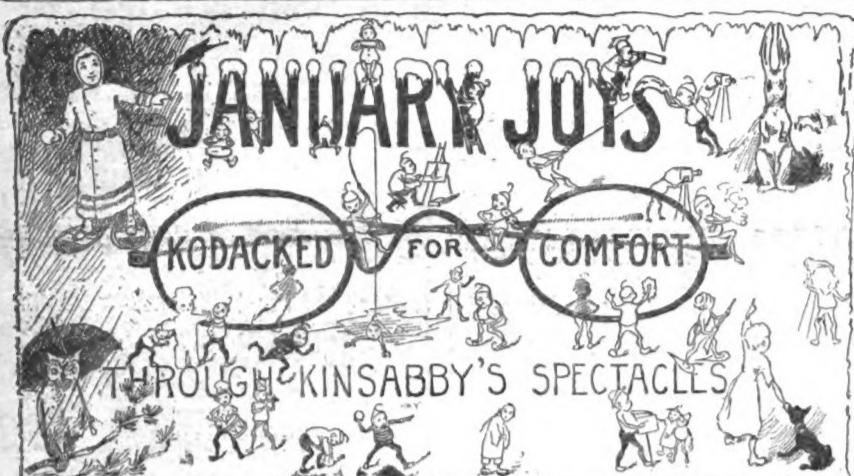
ILLINOIS, Ridge Farm.—made me feel like a new man. It will.—Chas. Buell.

NEB., Howe.—It has done nine years' illness. Oxie has brought me good health.—Mrs. Wm. Bantz.

MISS., McCool.—I scarcely hoped to recover, but Oxie has made new man of me.—W. B. Hull.

MICHIGAN, Dundee.—I had a paralytic stroke January, 1891, and lost the use of my right side. I spent nearly \$900, but Oxie is the only thing that did me any good, and it has done wonders. This is my first trial at writing since the shock.—W. W. Fleming.

COLORADO, Highlands.—Oxie cured



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Filling up with "College English." It is entirely harmless, and by some it is believed to be ornamental, especially if stuffed and mounted and placed upon the mantelpiece just under the motto: "Fill thy wisdom tooth with knowledge."

It is exclusively employed by people who have nothing to say, as it enables them to say it with rare grace and flexibility, and verily the ways of the 400 passeth all understanding. Now for an example: If you should say, "I'm just as happy as a big sunflower," that would not be College English. Nor would this: "Don't holler before you're out of the woods." But were you to remark: "My state of felicity approximates that of the mammoth Hellanthus," and, "Refrain from indulging in vociferous exclamations" ere you have passed the confines of the wilderness," that would be College English. The latest method of teaching this full-dress accomplishment was Kodaked for COMFORT and is illustrated above.

REFINING influence of the fair sex is something astonishing. And so long as man's misdeeds shall cast their sinful shadows upon this sorrowing world, so long will woman's magical touch round off the roughness of his brutal character.

The latest example is furnished by the State of Connecticut.

For years the army of men employees in the great iron bridge and toothless comb works have contended that you could no more construct a safe, substantial iron bridge without tempering it with profanity than you could dam the Connecticut river or skim the clouds from the sky with a teaspoon.

From the mild-mannered millionaire who merely draws smoke out of cigarettes and salary out of the stockholders, down to the plainest puddler, the belief was rock-ribbed that nothing could so everlasting clinch a rivet as a double-twisted, nine-pointed oath. And it verily came to pass that the picturesque language of these ironmongers would cause an army mule to barricade his ears with cotton.

A while ago the company engaged a lot of young ladies as typewriters and stenographers, and before the sun went down on the first day it became clear to them that they would either have to evangelize the heathen or throw up their situations.

So they called into life the "Society for the Suppression of Swearing and Advancement of Christian Virtues," and with the winning ways peculiar to women in general and Connecticut typewriter girls in particular, they soon succeeded in getting every man to join their happy band, and to subject his conversation to the following:

## SLIDING SCALE.

Cuss Words	10 cents.
Simple Swearing	15 "
Profuse Profanity	25 "

A little brimstone colored box with a slit in the top, and bearing the inscription "Drop your nickles and become a better man," was nailed up conspicuously, and every one was solemnly pledged not only to pay for his own profanity but report any failures of others to do so.

It is horrible to relate, but the truth is mighty and must prevail. The money simply poured in like rats into a corn-crib. It is said that one of the chiefs of the concern on the day after election profaned politics to the tune of \$7.20 and it soon became a question what was to be done with the relief funds.

As may be expected, the girls proved equal to the occasion. Inviting a number of friends, they hired a special parlor car and visited the Yale-Harvard football game at Springfield in a style that rivalled Patti's Ninth Annual Farewell to the Stage. The manner in which



error of his ways. Every time he wanted to go home to his mother I smothered him with a feather bed. And just before dawn I carried him back to his owner, whom I gave another three dollars for taking him off my hands.

A man may have worried through the weary vigils of the night by the bedside of a serious case of spoiled child; he may have fretted himself into delirious triangles over a kicking tooth, or he may have organized himself into a cyclorama of cuss-words in trying to convince eleven stubborn jurymen that they were afflicted with dampnolia. But this same man is still a stranger to those emotions which come only to the Ozonie hunter who sits up with a howling, home-sick hound pup while the night owl tunes its lay among the pine-clad hills of Maine.

Cut This Out it may Bring You \$7000. Keep this where you will not lose sight of it. Readers of this paper who happen to get any old or curious U. S. or foreign coins, can sell at high prices to Mr. W. E. Skinner, Coin Dealer, 4 Raymond Block, Boston, Mass. He buys nearly 1100 kinds and pays from a few cents to \$7000, over face value. He is prompt, honest and reliable. In addition to rare coins, Mr. Skinner, buys old war currency, tokens, reliques, etc. You may have something worth a fortune. Notice his advertisement in this issue.

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This Wonderful

## "EARLIEST TOMATO IN THE WORLD!"

is a perfect success. It has proved the earliest largest and bears abundantly of large bright red tomatoes, very smooth, of excellent quality and free from rot. My plants set in garden last of May produced full size ripe tomatoes July 2nd. I want a great record for it in 1893, and will pay \$6.00 cash to a person growing a ripe tomato in 75 days from day seed is sown, also \$4.00 to the person growing a ripe tomato in least number of days from day seed is sown. \$1.00 for next and \$7.50 for next. Beware of im-

itations. I own all the seed. SURE HEAD CABBAGE is all head and sure to head, very uniform, of large size, firm and fine in texture, excellent quality and a good keeper. I will pay \$1.00 for heaviest head grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest. Single heads have weighed over 60 pounds.

GIANT SILVER QUEEN ONION is large and handsome, single specimens under sworn testimony have weighed over 8 lbs. They are of mild and delicate flavor, grow rapidly, ripen early, flesh white and handsome. I will pay \$1.00 for heaviest onion grown from my seed in 1893, and \$50 for next heaviest.

ALICE PANSY where. They grow larger and contain the greatest number of colors (many never seen before) of pansies ever offered. I offer \$5.00 to a person growing a Blossom measuring 4½ in. in diameter, and \$50 for largest blossom grown, \$100 for second, \$50 for third, \$50 for fourth, \$50 for fifth and \$50 for sixth. Full particulars of all prizes in catalogue.

MY CATALOGUE is full of bargains. \$900 is largest number of customers and \$500 for largest club orders. \$1.00 customers get 50 cents extra FREE.

MY OFFER is made in the World, Sure Head Cabbage, Giant Silver Queen Onion, Alice Pansy and Bargain Catalogue, for only 25 cents. Every person sending silver \$1.00 or M.O. for above collection will receive Free a packet Mammoth Prize Tomato, grows 14 ft. high, and I offer \$500 for a 4 lb. tomato grown from this seed. If two persons send for two collections together each will receive Free a packet Tomato of the World Best, stalks grow large as broom handle and pods are 18 in. long. It is a perfect wonder. F. B. MILLS, Rose Hill, N. Y.

Mr. Mills is perfectly reliable and trustworthy. ED.

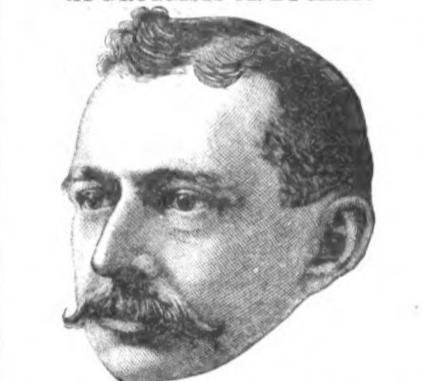
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